

The Paths of VIRTUE delineated;

OR, THE

H I S T O R Y

I N

M I N I A T U R E

Of the Celebrated

CLARISSA HARLOWE,

Familiarised and Adapted

To the CAPACITIES of YOUTH.

Great blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGRATULATE.

G L A S G O W:

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M. DCC. LXXXIV.

Harvard College Library
Greenough Fund
December 3 1952

THE
HISTORY
OF
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

MISS Clarissa Harlowe, a lady possessed of every excellence, was the youngest daughter of Mr. James Harlowe, a gentleman extremely tenacious of his prerogative, as a husband and a father. Mrs. Harlowe, the mother of the amiable Clarissa, was a lady of true merit; but was too little mistress in her own family; for a lordly husband, and an imperious only son, left her scarcely the least power of exerting the fine qualities she possessed. This son was of an untractable, unforgiving disposition, and, like his father, had but a mean opinion of the other sex. And his obdurate temper was rendered more haughty and overbearing by the kindness of his god-mother, who left him an independent fortune. His sister, miss Arabella, greatly resembled him in the fierceness of her temper: she had no personal charms to boast of, for she was corpulent and clumsy;

no wonder then that Clarissa, whose many perfections rendered her the delight and admiration of all who knew her, should be the object of her dislike; but she had still a stronger reason for her aversion; her grandfather, the father of Mr. James Harlowe, her papa, and of her two uncles John and Anthony, left to miss Clarissa a handsome estate with a very neat and elegant building, which was called the dairy-house. This bequest soon raised ill blood in the family; but the prudent and dutiful Clarissa resigned it intirely to her father's management, and, for a time, prevented the heart-burnings and grudgings of her brother and sister from breaking out into an open quarrel.

While Mr. James Harlowe, the younger, was gone to Scotland, to look after the estate left him by his kind god-mother, lord M. made a proposal to Mr. Anthony Harlowe, Clarissa's uncle, in behalf of his nephew Mr. Lovelace, who, he said, wished for an alliance to the family. In consequence of this proposal, Mr. Robert Lovelace, a gay young gentleman, paid his respects to Miss Arabella, while Miss Clarissa was from home at the dairy-house, being busied in inspecting the accounts relating to that estate. Miss Arabella paid her a visit the day after, and expressed herself highly pleased with the gentleman, lamented indeed that he was wild, very wild, very gay, and loved intrigues; but observed that he was young and a man of sense. She liked him better still at his next visit. He afterwards made her several; but yet avoided all particular declarations. This conduct Miss Bella attributed to over-awe and bashfulness, and grew prodigious fond of a modest man; how-

ever, as he still continued his silence on a subject that lay nearest her heart, she began to be offended. Mr. Lovelace, who had views in all he did, took the moment he saw she was angry to urge his suit. When she indeed denied him; but it was in such lady-like terms as, she had no inclination to change her condition, and she was quite happy as she was; not but that she should have been better pleased, if he had thought fit to court her rather than her mamma. These kind of consenting negatives Mr. Lovelace thought proper to take for a final answer, and saying, that it was with great regret he ^{was} ^{very} ⁱⁿ her so determined, kissed her hand, profoundly sighing and took his leave; but never more renewed his suit. He afterwards met Mr. Anthony Harlowe, and to his regretted his niece's resolution not to change her situation and made it plain that an end was put to the whole affair.

Some time after Mr. Lovelace returned into the country, and paid a visit to the Harlowe family, being, as he said, desirous of cultivating a friendship with it though he had been so unhappy as to be deprived of the hope of the wished-for alliance. Miss Clarissa was not present, and every one in the company observed, that his attention was fixed on her. Mr. John and Mr. Anthony Harlowe declared, that if Mr. Lovelace paid his addresses to Miss Clary, they should greatly approve it, and Mrs. Harlowe said, she had no objection to him, but his faulty morals. Clarissa's father indeed, after a long silence, said, that since Mr. Lovelace had visited his daughter Arabella, he had received a letter from his son, which he had shewn to nobody but Mrs. Harlowe, that treaty being at an end when he received it. This let-

ter, he added, charged Mr. Lovelace with many immoralities, and he was therefore resolved to suspend the declaration of his own mind till his son's return. Miss Clary was then asked, how she liked the gentleman, her uncle Anthony telling her, he was sure she had made a conquest. To which she very frankly replied, Not at all: and added, The man has too good an opinion of himself to have any great regard for a wife, let him marry who he will. Miss Arabella complimented her sister on her judgment; for it was, she said, her own. The very next day Lord M. in his nephew's name, made a proposal in form, and Mr. Lovelace was permitted to visit in the family: but Clarissa, as her father would determine nothing without his son, would give him no opportunity to converse with her in private. He bore this with a resignation not expected from the known impetuosity of his temper: but Miss Bella accounted for his patience in a manner not much to his honour. The man, said she, is not fond of marrying at all, perhaps, and his delay may be as convenient for his roving disposition, as for sister Clary's well-acted indifference.

Mr. Lovelace now grew very intimate in the family; but Miss Clarissa never seemed to think his visits paid to her more than to any other person in it. A young gentleman, under the care of a brother-in-law of Mrs. Harlowe, was soon to make the grand tour; and as Mr. Lovelace had been abroad, and could give a good account of what it was necessary for a young traveller to observe, he was desired to write a description of each court and country he had visited, and he consented, on condition Miss Clarissa would direct his subjects. This opened an

epistolary correspondence between them, and he frequently inclosed in what he sent to be read to the whole family, letters to herself full of the most ardent expressions of love and tenderness. Of these the prudent young lady took not the least notice. He was greatly surpris'd at her insensibility, and took upon him to seem angry. This was also disregarded, as she resolv'd not to make him seem of consequence enough for her to value his anger.

This was Mr. Lovelace's situation in the family when Mr. James Harlowe arriv'd from Scotland, and he being told of his visits, express'd his disapprobation in very high terms; that he hated him, ever should hate him, and would never own him for a brother or Clarissa for a sister, if she married him. This inveterate dislike was occasioned by the frequent quarrels they had had at college, where Mr. Lovelace had often ridicul'd to his face the naughty airs he assum'd; and as Mr. James Harlowe never forgave an injury, he took this opportunity to revenge his former superiority over him.

Miss Bella wait'd only this occasion to join with her brother, from motives very different from hatred to Mr. Lovelace, though she utterly disclaim'd all regard to him. She boasted her refusing him, and her brother praised her for it. Their behaviour, when they could not avoid seeing him, was cold and disobliging, but by degrees it proceeded to downright rudeness. Mr. Lovelace, however, bore their affronts patiently; but would fain have made a merit of his meekness with Clarissa. This she avoid'd, and from the hopes that Lovelace's pride would take the alarm, and oblige him to discontinue his visits, would not at all trouble herself about

their quarrels: but young Mr. Harlowe's impatience would not suffer him to wait for such an event. On his coming one day, he rudely asked him his business with his sister, and the other very haughtily said, that he would answer a gentleman any way; but he wished he would not put on such high airs; but remember that he was not now at college. They had both their hands on their swords, but a gentleman interposing, the affair for that time passed off without farther mischief: but as Mr. James Harlowe took all opportunities to insult Mr. Lovelace, they met, fought, and Clarissa's brother was wounded and disarmed, and a slight fever ensuing, the whole family flamed out, and laid the whole blame on the innocent Clarissa. Mr. Lovelace, who had generously given the young gentleman his life, sent for three days successively to enquire after his health, and on the fourth came himself to pay him a visit. This was considered as an insult designedly offered the whole family. Mr. James Harlowe, the father, though lame with the gout, was with difficulty held from going to meet him sword in hand; his brother treated him with great incivility, and Clarissa, terrified at this confusion, fainted away, and on her recovery was cruelly insulted by her inhuman sister. At last Lovelace, on being told of the young lady's illness, departed, vowing revenge.

Now began the innocent yet unhappy Clarissa's sufferings. All the domestics were in the interest of Mr. Lovelace; for he had gained their hearts by his obliging affability; from one of these she received a letter the same evening, in which, with the utmost respect, he offered to submit to her direction, and to be governed intirely

by her will. Mrs. Harlowe permitted her daughter to answer this letter, in order to prevent the mischief that might arise from such an impatient spirit being too much provoked.

Lord M. being more ready to take his nephew's part than to blame him, the whole family of the Harlowes were afraid of him; and though they all believed that Miss Clarissa corresponded with him, a regard to their own safety prevented their forbidding her. Mr. James Harlowe soon recovered, and both he and his sister, the one from slighted love, and the other from a rooted hatred, detested the name of Lovelace, and to prevent the possibility of his entering into an alliance with the family, resolved to have Miss Clarissa speedily married. Her brother proposed several gentlemen, but she rejected them all; and she had yet, notwithstanding her brother and sister laid all to the score of prepossession in favour of the abhorred man, power enough with her father and uncles to be allowed some will of her own. But being now teased and treated ill at home, she desired to be permitted to go to reside for a short time with Miss Howe, her most dear and intimate friend, and this was granted, notwithstanding the opposition of her furious brother.

When she had been absent near a month on this agreeable visit, she was sent for home in a great hurry, having no other notice but the chariot's coming to fetch her. She was surprized at the stiff formality that sat on all their countenances at her return; but more so at being accused of being wilfully in Lovelace's company. She pleaded in her excuse, that she never conversed with

him alone, and that it became not her to prescribe who should be Mrs. Howe's visitors. To this her father replied, that she had been indulged too much; she had refused this gentleman and t'other gentleman; that it was now his turn, and he would be obeyed, and then informed her that she was to have Mr. Roger Solmes for her husband, a man possessed of no one good quality; but to make up for these deficiencies, was immensely rich. The gentle heart of Clarissa rose against such a choice, she loathed, she hated the wretch, who was famed for nothing so much as his meanness and his avarice, and her opposition to this preposterous proposal instantly exposed her to the most grating insults from her brother and sister, and the harshest usage from her parents and uncles. She was ordered not to go to church; not to visit; not to enter into the presence of her father and mother: her maid, who had a tender affection for her, and for whom she had a sincere regard, was torn from her, and turned out of doors; and a pert servant belonging to her sister was set over her. She was now stripped of every thing that could give her consolation, except her correspondence with Miss Howe. For being allowed to feed some Bantam poultry in an old wood-house, at the side of the garden, she found the means of depositing her letters under a brick in a hole in the wall, which opened into a narrow lane; thither her friend's servant came for her letters, and in the same place deposited his young lady's answers.

CLARISSA let Miss Howe know what a wretch they had picked out for her future husband: when that lady, in her answer, informed her of her having seen him in

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company with Lovelace, who by his lively wit obliged him to distort his sullen features into a laugh; which she thus describes, and thus characterizes the man. "His very
" smile is so little natural, that it appears as hideous as
" the grin of a man in malice. I was disgusted, I was
" shocked at him, and was glad to see his strange fea-
" tures recover their natural gloominess; though they
" did this but slowly, as if the muscles that contributed
" to his distortions turned on rusty springs. How
" dreadful must be even the love of such a husband? he
" is said to be insinuating and creeping, where he hopes
" to reap advantage; but insolent and overbearing where
" he has no such views; the genuine spirit of meanness.
" He is spiteful and malicious, even to cruelty; his do-
" mestics and tenants hate him for his low suspicions.
" His pockets, they say, are loaded with keys; and if
" he wants to treat a guest, he is half as long in puz-
" zling himself to find which is which, as his niggardly
" treat might have been concluded in."

This was the man found out, for considerations equally
fardid with those he was governed by, for the husband
of the open-hearted, the benevolent, the charitable Cla-
rissa, by her tyrannical brother, and her inflexible father
and uncles, while her mother by a too meek acquiescence,
struggled with her affection for her dearest and most ami-
able child, and joined with her persecutors. The very
motive which bound them together, and made them re-
solve on this odious match, heightened the aversion Cla-
rissa felt for him. The estate left her by her grand-
father lay between two estates in Solmes's possession, and
by its falling into his hands would double their value; for

which reason he, who had no regard to a sister in distress, no sense of humanity, no principles of justice, proposed to the family to make over his whole fortune to them, in case he died without issue by Clarissa. This was a bait which charmed the brother, and made him hope that he should one day have all in his own possession: while Clarissa detested Solmes's injustice, and considered him as a monster who had no regard to the ties of blood, and resolved to purchase her by injustice to his own kindred.

In this distress she wrote several pathetic and moving letters to her unworthy brother and sister; but received nothing in return but the most provoking taunts and insults, mixed with the bitterest reflections on her supposed prepossession in favour of Lovelace. She wrote also to her father and uncles; but they all remained inflexible, threatening her with the entire loss of their affection, if she did not yield to their wishes. It was in vain that she urged her invincible aversion to Solmes; that aversion, they said, ought to yield to the family aggrandizement, and the commands of her father, who not doubting of her ready compliance, had gone too far to be able to recede with honour; and that, in short, she must and should be Solmes's wife.

Thus bereaved of pity by the low cruel arts of her brother and sister, she resolved to write to Solmes himself, and in this letter she mentioned, though very politely, her unconquerable dislike, and urged him, for the sake of his own happiness, and from motives of generosity and pity, to desist: but in his answer, he told her, that he must and would persevere, though he was

sorry at her seeming to think that she suffered on his account. This appeal to Solmes put her insolent brother in a tumult: he sent her a most unbrotherly letter in the postscript of which he added, " I know your knack of letter-writing. If you send an answer to this, I will return it unopened; for in so plain a case I will not argue with your perverseness."

In the midst of these perplexities poor Clarissa was frightened almost out of her wits, by the sudden appearance of Mr. Lovelace, who, in disguise, had hid himself in the wood-house. His respectful behaviour in this lonely place, for it was near a bye-lane and remote from the house, dissipated her fears; but she was in terror lest he should be seen, and an assignation imputed to her by her cruel brother. Having reproached him for his rashness, and the danger to which he exposed her, she was hastening from him, when he threw himself at her feet, and intreated her stay for a few moments, declaring, that he suffered himself to be guilty of this rashness to avoid greater: that, in short, he could no longer bear the hourly insults he received from her family, while he thought he had so little interest in her heart, and while he could not promise himself that his patience and forbearance would be attended with any other effect than to lose her for ever, by her being obliged to marry the man whom she justly detested. To this, she replied, that he might assure himself, that severity and ill usage would be far from effecting the end desired; for no consideration should induce her to marry Solmes, and she could with great sincerity declare for a single life. He here interrupted her, and said, he could not help expressing his great concern,

that after so many instances of his tender and obsequious devotion—Clarissa stopped him by saying, Why don't you assert in plain words my obligation to you for your unwished-for perseverance, that has set all my friends against me? She must forgive him, he said, though he had presumed to hope for a greater share in her favour than he had hitherto found, when so vile a reptile as Solmes was set up as his competitor. He told her, that the ladies of his family would be proud of giving her their protection, if the violent measures pursued in spite to him should drive her to extremities. In short, he behaved throughout this interview in such a manner as greatly increased her confidence in him, and, to her great surprize, seemed to know almost as much of the cruel treatment she met with as she herself.

A little time after this interview, her mamma sent her a very affectionate letter, in which were inclosed patterns of rich silks that had been sent for from London, for her choice of several suits that were to be given her on her marriage with Mr. Solmes, with orders to come and shew her those she approved of: but at the same time commanding her not to come into her father's or her presence, if she was still resolved to continue undutiful. The many expressions of maternal tenderness in this letter distressed the generous heart of Clarissa; but her unconquerable and fixed aversion to Solmes made her look on the patterns with horror; and, as she knew that her going down would be taken as a consent to their proposals, she remained in her chamber, though reminded by Betty, Miss Bella's pert maid, that her papa and mamma waited for her in her father's study. She beg-

ged and with great humility intreated to speak to her mamma alone,—but was refused; and her father sent her a very angry letter, in which he let her know, that he would never see her more till she was Mr. Solmes's wife. Arabella in the midst of this humiliation behaved to her with insolent cruelty, and her unfeeling brother steeled his heart against all humanity, solemnly protesting that if he could not carry this point, and oblige her to marry Solmes, he would retire to Scotland, and never see any one of the family more. Her aunt Harvey, a lady of a gentle spirit, was brought into their scheme, and she tried by all the arts of persuasion to move the inflexibility of her niece; but she was so affected by her grief and distress, that it was with deep affliction, on her finding her still resolved, that she confirmed her father's doom, that she must submit to be Solmes's wife. The good lady parted from her in tears, which did not fail to expose her to the unmannerly reflections of her nephew James, who was offended with all, who but seemed to pity his unhappy sister.

In these perplexing circumstances her dear Miss Howe earnestly advised the resumption of her estate; but the dutiful Clarissa resolved against any litigation with her father, even though she should, by his barbarous treatment, be reduced to extreme indigence. This lady got a gentleman to enquire into Lovelace's character in London, and found his companions to be men of pleasure and intrigue. Mr. Lovelace himself paid the young lady a visit, in order to engage her interest with her fair friend: he complained of farther insults from the Harlowes, and told her with an air of fierceness, that if Miss Clarissa was

forced against her will to give her hand to Solmes, he should not value the world, or the world's censures, since the menaces of the family now, and their triumph over him afterwards, would both provoke and warrant all the vengeance he could take.

Just as Clarissa received information from Miss Howe of this visit, her inexorable relations resolved to force her to a compliance, by sending her to her uncle Anthony's moated house, where she was to be suffered to write to nobody, nor to have any visitors except the odious Solmes and her barbarous brother and sister. She wrote some very warm remonstrances in a letter to her brother, on this resolution, and added with some spirit, that though she was loth to say it, she should think it hard to be sent against her will to any one's house, when she had one of her own to go to: not that she wanted, notwithstanding her brother and sister's provocations, to take her estate into her own hands without her papa's leave: tho' if she might be permitted to go to the dairy-house, she would engage to see nobody they would not have her see, and would receive this indulgence as a favour, although her grand-father's will had made it a matter of right.

This letter she sent by Betty, and presently after Miss Bella came up in a perfect flame, O spirit! cried she, is it come to this at last? you want to be independent! my papa has lived too long for you! Clarissa was going to speak, when rudely putting her handkerchief to her mouth; you have done enough with your pen, she continued; but your independent scheme will not be granted you. Take your course, perverse one. Call in your rake to help you to an independence on your parents,

and a dependence on himself. Prepare this moment; resolve what you will take with you. To-morrow you go depend upon it. 'Tis determined, child—You go to-morrow. O thou vain creature! but prepare yourself. I say, to-morrow you go. Thus she ran on almost foaming with passion, till Clarissa, quite out of patience, cried out, No more of your violence, Bella. Talk to your servant in this manner. Unlike you, 'as I bless God I am, I am nevertheless your sister. And, let me tell you, I won't go to-morrow, nor next day, nor next day to that, except I am dragged away by violence. What girl, Bella replied, not if your papa and mamma command you? That command shall come from their own mouths, said Clarissa, and not from yours, nor your Betty's; and say another word to me in this manner, and be the consequence what it may, I will force myself into their presence, and demand of them, what I have done to be used thus. Come along child—Come along meek one, cried Bella, demand it of them now. You will find both your despised parents. I want not to be led, returned Clarissa, and since I can plead your invitation, I will go.

She was hastening to the stairs, but Bella shut the door. She then went into her closet, while her cruel sister said every thing that was barbarous and aggravating; but as she could not provoke Clarissa to answer her, she at last left her.

In the evening Betty brought her a letter from her sister Bella, in which she told her, that her mamma had begged her off till the next week; but that she had effectually done her business with all the family; that her

mamma could have no peace while such a rebellious child was so near her. That her aunt Harvey would not take a charge, all the family put together could not manage: that her uncle John Harlowe would not see her till she was married, and that, thanks to her stubbornness, none would receive her but her uncle Anthony, and to his house she must go in a few days.

The copy of this impertinent epistle Clarissa sent to her mother, with a short one of her own, desiring to know if it was by hers or her father's order that she was thus used, promising that if it was, she would submit. In return, she received an answer on an open piece of paper, in which she told her, that she had ordered her sister to moderate the zeal for their affronted authority, and concluded with bidding her try to deserve another behaviour than that, which could not be more grievous to her, than the cause was to her unhappy mother.

A day or two after Betty brought her a letter, the direction of which was wrote in a strange hand. On opening it, she found it came from Solmes, who desired to be admitted to speak with her, as he wanted to communicate some very bad things he had heard of Lovelace; but on her answering by an absolute refusal to admit him into her company, her father was so provoked, that he was with difficulty prevailed upon not to go to her himself; however, her aunt Marvey wrote to let her know, that her relations were so exasperated, that her mamma would let her stay no longer in the house; but she must prepare to go to her uncle's directly. On this she wrote separately to her papa and mamma for their blessing before she went; but had both her letters sent back unopen-

ed, that to her father being torn in two pieces. She inclosed them both in one to her uncle, who was then below, and which was given him just as he was stepping into his chariot. The next morning he came again, and sent her up a very tender answer; but still insisted on her complianee. She was greatly moved by this gentleness, and was sorry that her heart would not suffer her to comply with their wishes, and in order to shew that her resistance did not proceed from obstinacy, but an unconquerable aversion, and to shew the value she set on a reconciliation with the family, she offered in her reply to make over her estate to her brother or sister, and to be contented with such an allowance as her father should be pleased to afford her, and to forfeit even that when she wilfully offended him.

As all her relations were assembled on this proposal, she was in great hopes that it would be accepted; but this, reasonable as it was, or rather unreasonable in them to expect, was denied her, and she was termed an artful creature, who only made an offer of what she knew it was in Lovelace's power to resume, as soon as he became her husband. In short, it was resolved in a full assembly, that she must and should go to her uncle Anthony's within three days; a piece of news that she was informed of by a most insolent note from her brother, in which he let her know that this indulgence was owing to the intercession of her mother.

While Clarissa was in this unhappy situation, she received a letter from Lovelace, in which he told her, that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her, and begged hard for a meeting in the garden;

owned that he had procured a key, but was afraid of dis-
obliging her, by coming without her leave, and told her
he was very ill of a cold he had caught by waiting in the
coppice behind the garden in the midst of the rain. Miss
Clarissa felt her pity, if not her love, moved in his fa-
vour, and driven desperate by the severity of her relations,
she let him know that she would meet him the next night.
She had but just deposited her billet, when her heart mis-
giving her, she went to take it away; but Lovelace had
been too watchful, and had it already in his possession.
This was Tuesday, and on Thursday she was to be car-
ried to her uncle's moated house, from which she thought
it impossible to escape, without marrying the hated
Solmes. As soon as she found from Betty, who was the
only companion allowed her, that her relations were u-
nanimously resolved on this step, she sent a note to her
uncle Harlowe supplicating more time. This request
could not be granted without the hard condition of her
receiving a visit from Solmes; when, in order to comply,
as far as she was able, she accepted the delay on their
own terms, appointing that day seven-night for the dis-
agreeable interview.

Having now so much time before her, she revoked her
appointment with Lovelace, and desired him to write
what he had to communicate. On the receipt of this
revocation Lovelace, in another letter, shewed the im-
petuosity of his temper, complained, in high terms, of
the breach of her promise, and, for the first time, ap-
peared rather the haughty than the humble lover. Cla-
rissa saw, and resented, as she ought, the impropriety
of this behaviour, and deposited an answer; in which

she told him, that she was amazed at the freedom of his reproaches, that she wanted not instances of his impatience to other people; but this treatment of herself had too much alarmed her, for her not to desire that the last letter he had written might be the last trouble he gave himself on her account.

As Miss Clarissa was under the utmost dread of being carried to her uncle, when the shocking interview with Solmes should be over, she sent Miss Howe a small parcel of linen, and all her papers, and her faithful friend promised to try to engage her mother to give her, privately, her protection.

Two days passed without her receiving a letter from Lovelace, in which space she obtained from Miss Howe a piece of intelligence, that made her know that he had a greater interest in her heart than she wished; It was, that he was engaged in a shameless intrigue, and either had, or was endeavouring to debauch an ignorant country girl, the grand-daughter of the woman at whose house he was in disguise within a few miles from Harlowe place. The very lively Miss Howe exclaimed most vehemently against this baseness, and poor Clarissa felt it keenly, and thought she now hated him worse than Solmes himself. But Clarissa's mind soon took a different turn, for Miss Howe, stimulated by a warm and ardent friendship, presently got to the bottom of this seeming black affair, when she found, that Mr. Lovelace was not only free from guilt, but extremely generous. The innocent girl was beloved by a youth in her grand-mother's neighbourhood, whose friends could give him an hundred pounds; and Mr. Lovelace, pleased with the artless

simplicity of the young couple, and their tenderness to each other, made his rose-bud, as he called the pretty rustic, an equal fortune: and a gentleman, his friend, prompted by his example, gave her father, who was poor, twenty-five guineas to fit her out. How was the gentle bosom of Clarissa agitated by these two different accounts! the generosity of her own temper made such an action as this of great force in raising her esteem for Lovelace. She confessed to Miss Howe, that it did so, and that if he would behave for the time to come like a man of virtue, she could forgive many of his past errors, was it only for the demonstration he had given, that he was capable of so good and so bountiful a manner of thinking. She now made no scruple of reading a letter from him, which she had before received, and which had lain by her a whole day unopened. In this he was, with the presumption of being forgiven for his late warmth, full of contrivances for her escape from her cruel relations, and expressed himself as under mortal apprehensions from Solmes's visit. He even proposed, if she would put herself into his protection, to fix her in a place of security, either with the ladies of his family, or where-ever else she should chuse; and then leave her intirely at her own liberty, either to agree with her friends, or to approve or reject him, as his future conduct should deserve, and as she was convinced of the sincerity of that reformation, which he assured her was already begun. But notwithstanding the seeming generosity of these proposals, she told him in her answer, that she had thought never more to have wrote to a man who could reflect on her, for having thought fit to make use

of her own judgment, and greatly blamed him for his clandestine manner of acting, in order to come at the secrets of her family : that however her aversion for Solmes, was too sincere for her to doubt herself ; though she would not have him interpret this aversion in his own favour.

Two or three days before that dreaded one appointed for her seeing Solmes, her friends thought fit to alter their behaviour : Dr. Lewin, a worthy clergyman, for whom she had a great value, was permitted to visit her ; her brother condescended to speak to her with a forced civility ; and her uncle John Harlowe came up to her chamber, and conversed with her with great good-nature ; but she soon discovered, that all this was nothing but low art ; for they pretended that her permission of Solmes's visit, constrained as she was to consent to it, was making large concessions in his favour, and they did not now seem to doubt her giving him her hand. Her heart rose at being so meanly dealt with, and, to increase her chagrin, the odious Solmes was in high spirits on this permission ; for Betty told her that he talked of converting such and such a part of his house into a nursery and other offices.

When the dreaded time of meeting came, Clarissa was ordered down into her parlour : she went with trembling reluctant steps, and as she entered at one door, she saw her relations hurry out at the other. Solmes approached her richly dressed, and cringing to the ground, a visible confusion appearing in every feature. After half a dozen choaked-up hems, he began, He was very sorry, —it was his misfortune,—it was his misfortune ; and there he stopped. Clarissa sat down with an averted face,

and fanned herself two or three times. He brought out a sentence, and that produced another. It was his awe, his extreme reverence for so superlative a lady, and he hoped,—he hoped she would not despise him for such true tokens of love. You may have heard things, madam, to my disadvantage: I will either own my faults, or convince you that I am basely bespattered. I have heard many things to your disadvantage, replied Clarissa, but as you were not any thing to me, nor ever could be, it was not for me to concern myself about them. I am sorry to hear this, Solmes returned; I am sure, madam, you should not tell me of a fault that I would not be willing to correct in myself. Then, sir, correct this fault, she rejoined; do not wish to have a poor young creature compelled in the most material article of her life, for the sake of motives she despises, and in behalf of a person she cannot value. I don't see, madam, how you would be happy if I was to withdraw my addresses, he replied.—That is nothing to you, cried she, interrupting him, the blame will not lie at your door; you will be entitled to my thanks, and most heartily will I thank you.

Mr. Solmes paused, and seemed irresolute, when in came her uncle Anthony, who instantly cried out, So, niece, sitting in state, giving audience, haughty audience. Mr. Solmes, why this distance, man? I hope to see you on a more intimate footing before we part. Clarissa rose on her uncle's entrance, and with the utmost humility bespoke his compassion. You will have the favour of every body, niece, he replied, when you know how to deserve it. If ever I deserve it, she cried, I deserve it now: I will engage never to marry any man without my

father's consent, and yours, sir, and every body's. Let me not be thus precipitated; I will take the solemnest oath that can be offered me. That, returned her uncle in a threatening voice, is the matrimonial one; and to this gentleman. It shall, cousin Clary, and the more you oppose it, the worse it shall be for you. Then, sir, she replied, highly provoked, you shall sooner follow me to the grave: and Mr. Solmes, she added, take notice, there is no death I would not sooner undergo, that would quickly be over, than be yours, and for ever unhappy. Her uncle now observed no decency in his rage, but swore that she should, in spite of all opposition, be Solmes's wife within one week at farthest; on which she replied, I am sorry, sir, to see you in such a passion: all this, I am but too sensible, is owing to my brother's instigations, who would not himself give the instance of duty that is exacted from me. She was now going out of the door she came in at, when her unworthy brother bolted in upon her: return, pretty miss, return, cried he, your intriguing brother shall redeem you. Remember, he added in a loud whisper, you shall be redeemed from ruin, and that by this worthy gentleman; and hereafter you will bless him, or have reason to bless him, for his condescension. He then seizing her hand, led her to Mr. Solmes, and would have joined their hands, when Clarissa endeavoured to snatch hers from him. How now, Miss Clary, he cried! and how now, sir, she returned! what right have you to dispose of my hand? if you govern every body else, you shall not govern me. Let me go, sir; (for he still held her hand) you design, I doubt not, by your unmanly gripping, to hurt me, as

you do. But, I say again, wherefore am I treated thus by you? at this he tossed her hand from him with a whirl that pained her shoulder. She wept; Mr. Solmes blamed him for this brutality, as did her uncle Anthony. She, as soon as she could speak, again addressed herself to Solmes, and told him, that if he had any regard for his own happiness, he would prosecute his addresses no farther. Can you think me, sir, she added, so poor a slave as to be brought to change my mind by the violent usage I have met with? and you, sir, she continued, turning to her brother, if you think meekness always indicates tameness, and that there is no magnanimity without bluster, own yourself for once mistaken; for you shall have reason to see that a generous mind is not to be forced; and—No more, I charge you, interrupted the imperious brother: and then turning to his uncle, cried, See, sir, your faultless niece, your favourite!

The young lady was by this time in great disorder, but nobody minded her, though she was ready to faint: she rang, and on Betty's coming ordered her to bring her a glass of water, when her brother said to Solmes loud enough to be heard by Clarissa, Art, damn'd art! Clarissa having drank the water, staggering with extreme faintness, leaned on Betty's arm, and was going again to withdraw, when her uncle told her he had not yet done with her. She promised to return as soon as the open air had recovered her spirits, and was permitted to go into the garden.

In about half an hour's time she was again ordered into the parlour, where she continued some time alone. Then came in her uncle Anthony, ushering in his dear

friend Mr. Solmes. For God's sake, madam, cried he, folding his hands.—For God's sake what? returned Clarissa; how came God's sake and your sake, I pray you, to be the same? he was silenced. No more supplications, Mr. Solmes, cried the boisterous uncle; you have not confidence enough to gain a woman's favour: this perverse girl despises all I once designed to do for her, so I will change my measures. Clarissa thanked him for all his kind intentions, but said she was willing to resign all claim to any of his favours, except kind looks and kind words: she was sorry, she added, to say so harsh a thing; but she believed, that if he would be pleased to convince her brother and sister that he had altered his generous purposes as to her, it might procure her better quarter from them both. Her uncle had no time to shew his displeasure, for in burst her meanly listening brother in great wrath; he called her several vile names; for his success had hitherto set him above all bounds. Was this, he asked, her construction of his concern and care of her? as to your care and concern for me, I desire it not, she replied; my papa and mamma are both living, and were they not, you have given me reason to say, that you are the last person I would wish to have any concern for me: you have given me no cause to think better of your prudence than of my own. I am independent of you, though I wish not to be so of my father.

Instantly came in Betty with an order for her young master to attend his father. He went, and the unhappy Clarissa heard her once indulgent parent say, in a voice of thunder, Son James, carry this rebel this mo-

ment to my brother Anthony's, she shall not stay another hour under my roof. She flew to the door, and on her knees begged for admittance, beseeching her father not to reprobate his kneeling child. Her uncle was moved, and so was Solmes; but her hard-hearted brother held the door, that she might not see her father; at last he let it go, and Clarissa fell flat on her face into the room, but all her friends were departed. In a little time her brother came to demand her keys, and to tell her, that she must go directly to her uncle's. She refused to send her keys till she knew that he had her father's and mother's authority for what he did: but she soon had them sent for by another messenger, to whom she thought proper to deliver them. Her room was very strictly searched for letters, and none were found; yet she was told by Betty, her sister's pert servant, that her pens and ink would quickly be taken from her. Her mother, with difficulty, prevailed with her father to defer his purpose of sending her to her uncle's for a few days; but for this indulgence she was to endure another visit from Solmes, who would now have read to her an anonymous letter, in which the character of Mr. Lovelace was very freely treated; but she insisted on his not reading it, as the person accused was absent, and the accuser unknown. This piece of justice was called prepossession, fond prepossession, by her uncle Anthony: however, both he and Solmes grew less warm in pressing it; but her implacable brother entered with eyes flaming with anger, and told Solmes, that to be even with her, he must, when she was his, make her as sensible of his power, as she now did him of her insolence. Clarissa,

greatly nettled at this unbrotherly speech, addressing herself to Solmes, said, See, sir, see how my brother courts for you. I disclaim Mr. Harlowe's violence, madam, said Solmes; I will never remind you,—I will take care, worthy sir, returned she, that you shall never have the opportunity. Her uncle could not help taking her part, and blaming her brother.

Just at this instant Miss Bella entered, and told the gentlemen, that her papa desired to speak to them. When they were gone, she threw out some slightful expressions in a low voice, as if afraid of being heard; but she no sooner received a suitable answer from her provoked sister, than she lost all her caution, and flamed out in a raised tone. This brought a messenger for her, but she was too much exasperated to go directly, and was mean enough to call names. This brought a second order from her father; but though she was blamed for her passion, they all remained firm in their resolution of forcing the unhappy Clarissa to give her hand to the detested Solmes.

A few days after this her standish and pens were sent for; but as she had been apprized of this before-hand, she had some concealed stores. At this distressful time, when she was under continual apprehensions of being united to a man for whom she had the greatest aversion, she received a letter from her dear Miss Howe, by which she was informed, that that lady had tried in vain to persuade her mamma to give her protection, if, to avoid being Solmes's wife, she was forced to leave her father's house: and at the same time a letter from Lovelace let her know, that he was acquainted with all the severe treatment she

met with, and he earnestly intreated her to accept of the protection of the ladies of his family.

While she was hesitating what steps to take, to avoid marrying a man she hated, and incurring the censure of rashness, by accepting the protection of one of faulty morals, her ambitious cruel brother had well nigh perfected all his schemes; and she was told by her sister's maid, Betty, that all she feared from her uncle's chapel would be performed in her own chamber. Her aunt Harvey confirmed this news, and informed her, that Mr. Lovelace's menaces of what he would do, if she was carried to her uncle Anthony's, was the reason of this hasty measure, and to prevent the fatal consequences that were dreaded from so daring and intriguing a spirit, the whole family were come to a resolution to have her married the following week: that her father himself would bring her up the settlements for her to sign them; and, as she had complained of harsh usage, he had determined to try all the gentle arts of persuasion, to make her yield without force. However, whether she consented with a grace or not, her aunt added, she must be Solmes's wife; that was absolutely resolved upon. Clarissa only replied, Indeed I never will. This was not originally my father's will; indeed, I never will. All I shall say, answered Mrs. Harvey, is, that it is your father's will now; and as Mr. Lovelace has certainly taken the resolution to force you out of their hands, I cannot but say, that they are right in resolving not to be bullied out of their child. Well, Madam, returned Clarissa, nothing remains for me to say. I am made quite desperate; I care not what becomes of me.

Soon after this she sent down to desire only a week's respite, when the answer was, Did she want to give the vilest of men an opportunity to put his murderous scheme in execution? she now stamped with impatience, and called on Mrs. Harvey, who was present, to witness that she was guiltless of the consequence of this barbarous compulsion. She was half frantic; she insisted on seeing her papa; such, she said, was her dreadful situation, that it set her above all fear, and she should rejoice to owe her death, as she did her life, to him. She went half way down stairs, with an intent to rush into her father's presence, and to throw herself at his feet; but hearing her brother's voice, she stopped: he was talking of Miss Bella, and she heard him say, It works charmingly, my dear sister, let us keep it up, and the villain will be caught in his own trap. She must now be what we would have her. Do you keep my father to it, answered Bella, and I will take care of my mamma. Never fear, returned he with a laugh of triumph.

This spiteful dialogue gave a new turn to the passions of Clarissa; her aunt led her back to her chamber; and endeavoured to sooth her mind; but she was sullenly silent, and as soon as she was gone, resolved to disappoint her brother of his unmanly triumph. She wrote to Mr. Lovelace, that since she had no other means of escaping from her brother's tyranny, who had brought her father to resolve to force her to become Solmes's wife, she would the following Monday meet him at the garden-gate, and put herself under his protection.

She had hardly taken this rash step before she repented, and would have taken back her letter; but she could

not find an opportunity that night, and the next morning Mr. Lovelace had taken it away. She received an answer from him full of tender and rapturous expressions. This she answered, and let him know, that as there were yet three days to come before the arrival of the time she had appointed, she had some faint hopes that in this interval her parents might relent; in which case she reserved to herself the liberty of acting as she thought proper, notwithstanding her promise to meet him. To this he very respectfully acquiesced, only humbly hoped, as he said, that nothing short of her being left entirely at liberty would make her alter her resolution.

Clarissa wrote immediately to Miss Howe to inform her of this appointment, when that young lady, in the ardour of friendship, offered to be herself the companion of her flight, rather than that she should be forced into the protection of so violent a spirit. This offer Clarissa rejected, tho' she had a high and grateful sense of the warmth of that affection that could prompt her to make such a proposal; but as her dear friend, who had all along taken a generous part in her troubles, and had truly sympathized with her in every mortification, could think such an apparent rashness rather to be chosen than that she should keep her appointment, she determined to stay and brave the worst; and accordingly wrote to inform Lovelace that this was her resolution. This letter was deposited in the usual place; but he, dreading lest she should retract her promise, let it remain there, that she might be still under the necessity of meeting him. This she thought herself obliged to do, as she had made him

a kind of promise, and was afraid of mischief if he was too much exasperated.

In order to obtain an opportunity of telling Lovelace that she had changed her mind, she asked leave to dine in an ivy-summer-house near the back-door of the garden, which was granted for a reason of their own. They wanted again to search her chamber for papers, as they still fancied that she wrote out of the house; and her aunt came to demand her keys, which she very cheerfully gave her, as Miss Harvey, that lady's daughter, had before given her an intimation of the search, and had advised her to prepare for it.

At the hour appointed Lovelace came; but instead of listening to her reasons for not going off with him, artfully drew her from the garden-door, beseeching her to haste to the chariot which waited for her. In vain did she urge that she had considered of it, and was resolved not to venture; he kept pulling her after him towards the chariot, telling her that he had been watched; that this was the only minute she had to escape; and that to leave her now would be to lose her for ever. She struggled to get her hand from him, and told him that she would sooner die than go; he still drew her after him, retreating farther from the door. Whither do you draw me, Mr. Lovelace, cried she in anger? Do you seek to keep me till my return is impracticable? This moment let me go, if you would have me think tolerably of you. My happiness, madam, both here and hereafter, he replied, and the safety of your implacable brother depend on this moment. To providence, and to the law, Mr. Lovelace, she cried, will I leave the safety of my friends,

You shall not threaten me unto a rashness that my heart condemns. May I perish, cried Lovelace, if your will shall not be a law to me in every thing. All my relations expect you, your own promise calls on you. Next Wednesday, dearest creature, think on next Wednesday. What step do I urge you to, but that step that will soonest reconcile you to all of your family whom you have the most reason to value? Let me judge for myself, she replied; do not you, who blame my friends for endeavouring to compel me, compel me yourself. Let me go back, unhand me this moment, or I will cry out for help. I will obey you, dearest creature, said Lovelace, with a look of dejection. Stay one moment; but one moment. Stay, best beloved of my soul! your retreat is secure. If you will go, the key lies at the door. But, O madam, next Wednesday, and you are Mr. Solmes's! fly me not so eagerly. Since I find you are so ready to cry out for help against me, which must bring down on me the vengeance of all your family, I am contented to run all risks. I will not ask you to retreat with me. I will attend you into the garden, and into the house, if I am not intercepted. Nay, be not surprized, madam, he added; the help you would have called I will attend. I will face them all. You shall see what I will farther bear for your sake; and let us both see if expostulation, and the behaviour of a gentleman to them, will not procure me the treatment of a gentleman from them.

Lovelace's resolution of accompanying her into the presence of her friends made the poor Clarissa almost gasp with terror. What mean you, Mr. Lovelace? said she; leave me, I beseech you leave me. Indeed, madam, you

must excuse me. I am made desperate. Is not the day after to-morrow Wednesday? you shall see, madam, what I will bear; my sword shall be put sheathed into your hands: (here he offered it to her in the scabbard) my heart, if you please, shall be a sheath for theirs. What can you mean, Mr. Lovelace? said the lady. Must every one take advantage of the weakness of my temper? is this your generosity? she wept, he threw himself at her feet, and said, Command me with you; command me from you; I am all implicit obedience. She stooped to take up the key, which lay on the ground, in order to let herself into the garden. He started as if he had heard somebody at the inside of the door, and clapped his hand to his sword. Clarissa was extremely frightened; but she again offered the key to the lock, when he, as if out of breath with the fright, loudly whispered, They are at the door, my beloved creature, and taking the key from her, flew to it, and made a motion as if to double lock it: when instantly somebody within cried out, (bursting against the door, as if to break it open) Are you there?—Come up this moment—this moment—Here they are, both together.—Your pistol this moment—your gun. Then followed another push and another. Lovelace drew his sword, and clapping it naked under his arm, took both Clarissa's trembling hands into his; saying, fly, fly, my charmer. This moment is all that is left you. Fly if you would not be more cruelly used than ever; if you would not see two or three murders committed at your feet. Help, help, cried the affrighted lady, yet running as fast as he. What added to her terror and hastened her flight, was

her seeing, as she turned back her head, a man who must have come from her father's garden, who beckoned and called, as if others were in sight, which her fears made her believe were her father and brother, or their servants. Thus terrified, she was soon out of sight of the door, he hurrying her on still faster till they came to the chariot, her fright so wholly engrossing her, that her voice contradicted her actions; for while she was running she continually kept crying No, no, no. He lifted her in, and the horses seemed to fly rather than to gallop, and stopped not till they both alighted at St. Alban's.

Thus was the beautiful and accomplished Clarissa, who had till lately been the delight and the boast of her relations, the admiration of all who knew her, and had been justly admired as a pattern of virtue and prudence, forced by those very relations, and the specious arts of the designing Lovelace, into his protection; into the protection of a rake of abandoned principles: who tho' he had all the advantages of a handsome person, and an happy address, and on some occasions gave instances of great generosity and courage, yet was proud, artful, and designing, full of plots and stratagems, and would spare no pains nor expence to accomplish his designs, or to obtain the gratification of a favourite passion. Clarissa indeed knew no ill of him but by report, and that also proclaimed his virtues; she had therefore hoped that a brave and generous man could not be a villain. Much of what she had suffered proceeded from the reports he had caused to be carried into the family, and the very noise she heard at the garden-door, which gave her such terror, was made by her father's gardener, who had been

corrupted by Lovelace, and followed his directions.

During this journey, the poor lady was in the deepest affliction. She wept, she begged of heaven to afford her protection, and her heart was ready to burst with sighs, that were as involuntary as her flight. Not so the exulting Lovelace; he was triumphing, visibly triumphing, in the success of his arts. At the inn where he stopped he called himself her brother, and pretended that he brought her away against her will from a friend's house, in order to prevent her marrying against the consent of her relations.

This artifice accounted for her being in so improper a dress; for she had neither hat nor hood, nor any thing but a handkerchief thrown over her neck, more than she wore at home. He pressed her to go to London, as the only place in which she could be private; if she did not chuse to go to any of his relations. She was so distressed that she knew not what to do. He promised an entire resignation to her will, if she would but signify what that was: said that he only wished to see her safe, and that her honour and safety was all he was solicitous about. She told him, she could not help thinking that she was dealt artfully with: that her heart bled for the distresses of her father and mother: that she should for ever blame herself for meeting him, and him for taking ungenerous advantages of her youth and inexperience; and added, that she would give the world and all her hopes in it to have been still in her father's house, whatever had been her usage. He endeavoured to clear himself of the charge of having dealt artfully with her, by saying that he came by her confirmed appointment;

that he really meant to go into the house with her, if he had not prevailed on her to fly with him, and since she was so very uneasy, he wished he had done so. He mentioned his constant attendance in the coppice at all times, and in all weathers, only to have an opportunity to free her from an ungenerous and base oppression.—Sir, sir, she interrupted with rising indignation. Hear me out, madam, answered Lovelace, my heart is full. I must speak, you tell me, madam, for your words are still in my ears and my heart, that you would give all your hopes in this world to have been still in your cruel, gloomy father's house.—Not a word against my papa, said the lady; I will not bear it. Forgive me, madam, he replied, I have hazarded my life to redeem you from oppression: that you are your own mistress through my means is my boast, as such I implore your favour: (here he dropped on his knee.) O sir, said the lady, pray rise. Let the obliged kneel, if one of us must kneel. You have had a great deal of trouble with me; but I would have spared you much of it, had I known in time that you expected to be rewarded at the expence of my duty. And then added in high anger, You may glory in your fancied merit in getting me away; but the cause of your glory, I tell you plainly, is my shame. No more shall you tell me of your all hours and your all weathers; I will for ever bear them in mind, and if it be impossible to reward, I will ever be ready to own the obligation. All I desire of you now is to leave me to seek some private abode. If I have any farther occasion for your assistance and protection, I will let you know it, and be farther obliged. He seeing her hearti-

ly displeased, began again to vow the sincerity of his intentions, and entreated, that if she would not drive him to absolute despair, and as a reconciliation with her friends seemed to be the principal wish of her heart, she would at least promise, that on whatever terms that was effected, she would not be the wife of any other man while he was living and single. She without hesitation gave him this promise, and he seemed contented without pressing her to become his by a more solemn tie.

Clarissa took the first opportunity of writing to her dear Miss Howe an account of her involuntary flight, and that lady told her in her answer, that now she was out of her father's house, all punctilios must cease, and that it was most for her honour and reputation to marry directly. But alas! it was not now in her power to take this advice. She had laid Lovelace under an injunction in the letter in which she appointed to meet him, not to mention marriage till he had given her reason to believe that his pretended reformation was real, and he but too well obeyed her orders, and to compleat her distress she had before her a near view of indigence, she not having above seven guineas in her pocket.

Mr. Lovelace proposed her going to a seat belonging to Lord M. his uncle; but this she declined, at least till she heard from home: for she had wrote to her sister for her clothes, some books, and fifty guineas she had left in her escritoire. As she refused going to the Lawn, Lord M's seat, Mr. Lovelace put up at an inn in that neighbourhood, where she was waited upon by his lordship's house-keeper, who at her request recommended her to her sister, who kept a farm-house at about eight miles

distance. Thither the good woman herself conducted her; and there she would have thought herself tolerably happy, considering her unpromising circumstances, if she could have been left to herself; but Lovelace seemed in no haste to leave her, and her foolish brother gave him a pretence for continuing near her, by his openly professing before his servants, that he intended to force Clarissa from him.

While they continued here, Mr. Lovelace once pressed her earnestly to honour him with her hand; but it was when she was very ill, and extremely dejected on the receipt of a most barbarous letter from her sister, in which she informed her that her father, on hearing of her flight, cursed her on his knees, wishing that her disobedience might be attended with ruin here and hereafter, and that the author of her crime might be her punishment. This horrid and wicked imprecation, the poor Clarissa, who tenderly loved her parents, looked upon as a dreadful calamity, yet mindful of the advice of her dear friend, she rather waved than denied his suit; but the base designer, for so she had soon reason to call him, interpreted her confusion on this occasion into resentment, at his having dared to press her contrary to her injunction. Her very heart was fretted by his teasing ways, continually accusing her of want of tenderness, yet letting slip obvious occasions given him to propose the happy day; she had, however, not the least notion of his having any designs contrary to her honour. In one of their conversations she questioned him on the noise she heard on the inside of her father's garden-door, and had by his answer, tho' not quite the truth, too much reason to believe that it

was all his own contrivance, and that she was in the hands of a very artful man; and this, to a mind so frank and open as hers, afforded no very promising prospect, even in the happiest turn her affairs could take. She was uneasy at his being in the same house with her, and to quiet her scruples and apprehensions he pretended to go to Windfor to look for an apartment where she might be concealed from her brother; but finding, as he told her, none there, she, of herself proposed going to London, as she had heard it was the most likely place to be private in; but insisted that he should never lodge in the same house, and that he should leave her as soon as she was out of danger from her brother's schemes. This he promised to comply with, and to appearance rather in compliance with her desire, than from any particular liking of his own, wrote to a married gentleman, his friend, to look out for a proper lodging. In answer to this letter a description of several lodgings were sent, and an account of one of them so artfully drawn up, as it was hoped would make Clarissa fix upon that, without having the least suspicion that Lovelace was desirous of carrying her thither. This was said to be in Dover-street; it was a back-house, genteel, and handsomely furnished. The landlady was the widow of an officer in the guards, whose name was Sinclair, and who dying just after he had purchased his commission, she was obliged to let lodgings. Mr. Lovelace shewed his friend's letter to Clarissa, and left, or at least seemed to leave to her choice which she would have. As that in Dover-street was by far the most convenient, she after having tired, by seeming to like another, if he had any particu-

lar inclination to one more than the rest, fixed on that, and they set out for London.

On their arrival in town, the widow Sinclair offered Clarissa a kinswoman of her own for her servant, till her Hannah, who had been so disgracefully dismissed, and was now ill of the rheumatism, could come to be with her. The widow gave her many good qualities, but pretended that she could neither write nor read writing. This was no objection, and Clarissa admitted of her services, though she disliked her look, and thought she made rather too genteel an appearance for a servant. She had also some dislike to the widow, whose air appeared masculine and coarse: her two nieces, Miss Polly Horton and Miss Sally Martin, she thought agreeable women, and what pleased her much was to find their names in several good books which she found in a closet in her apartment; but she little suspected that the intriguing wretch, Lovlace, had caused them to be bought second hand, on purpose to give her a good opinion of the people she was with.

The very night of their coming to town she insisted on Mr. Lovelace's going to lodge elsewhere; but he pretended to have but a slight opinion of the widow, and frankly owned that he could not yet think of leaving her; told her that he had prepared the landlady to expect their only staying there till they could fix themselves in a house, and had, for fear of her brother's plots, given out, that they were already married; but that he was under a solemn vow to be contented with a separate apartment till a certain reconciliation could be effected.

Clarissa was greatly displeased at this deceit, and in-

sisted on his unsaying all he had said; but this he would not consent to. For heaven's sake, cried he, let the happy day be to-morrow; yet before she could answer, he seemed to forget what he had requested, and begged her not to discredit what he had told the people of the house: though such was now Clarissa's situation, that had he urged her again she would have met him the next morning at the altar. On the lady's desiring to be left to herself, he went down to the people below and stayed till supper-time, and then begged to stay all night, promising to leave London the next day, and to this she gave an unwilling consent, knowing that it was out of her power to hinder him.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Sinclair and her two nieces addressed themselves to Clarissa as Mrs. Lovelace, and the widow, with a confident air, took upon her to wonder that any consideration, however weighty, could have force enough to make so charming a couple keep separate beds. Soon after breakfast Mr. Lovelace took leave of his lady, as he called Clarissa, before the people in a very respectful manner, earnestly pressing her to accept of a bank note; but she refused the obligation: though after he was gone she found it left on the table.

Lovelace's absence was however very short; for he returned the next day, pleading in his excuse the violence of his passion, and his fear of her brother's projects. He now amused her with looking for a house, and told her, after sometime spent in the search, that he had fixed on one that was at present inhabited by a widow lady: but would soon be empty. He still lodged in the same

house with Clarissa; but as she was too much in his power to hinder him, she thought it most prudent, as things now wore a promising appearance, not to take notice of it.

Lovelace, vain of having in his power so beautiful and so accomplished a lady, resolved to shew her to four gentlemen who were his intimate friends, and for this purpose provided an entertainment for them in the same house, and was very earnest with Miss Clarissa to give them her company; to this she had the utmost reluctance, and among other arguments urged, that he had laid her under the disagreeable necessity of appearing as a married person, and she would see as few people as possible who were to think her so. This answer did not at all satisfy him. He again urged her with the utmost importunity, and at last, on Mrs. Sinclair's telling her, that she would get a young lady, to whom her deceased husband was guardian, to be with her, she consented. These gentlemen became her great admirers; but their behaviour, tho' not grossly offensive to decency, was far from being agreeable to Clarissa; and she retired, as soon as she was able, to her own apartment. She had not been long there, when Mrs. Sinclair came to her with a request that Miss Partington, her late husband's ward, might for that night only share her bed with her. The natural sweetness and complaisance of the young lady's temper made her loth to deny so trifling a favour; but her vigilance and caution were alarmed: she instantly recollected that there were in the house four young gentlemen, the professed friends of Mr. Lovelace, and she fancied she saw something in Miss Partington that contradicted the character of bashfulness that had been given her. From

these reasons she thought proper to refuse her consent; though that was solicited with great importunity; but that her refusal might not wear the appearance of ill-nature, she offered the lady her whole bed, and said she would sit up all night in the dining-room. This was not accepted, and Mrs. Sinclair fearing, as she said, that she thought the request impertinent, desired her not to mention it to Mr. Lovelace.

A few days after this, she received her cloaths from her inexorable family; but there was sent with them neither her jewels nor the money she wrote for; nor any book but a Francis Spira, a Drexelius on Eternity, and a Practice of Piety. This, said she, is my brother's wit, he thinks he does well to point out death and despair to me. I wish for one, and am every now and then on the brink of the other. Among her cloaths she found a letter from her couzen Morden, who was then in Italy, and was one of her trustees for her estate; in which he warned her in a very sensible and pathetic manner, of the misery she must expect if she chose a libertine for her husband; and hinted at some very vile enormities Mr. Lovelace had been guilty of when abroad.

As this letter came too late to save her from the rash step she had involuntarily taken, it only served to increase her compunction, and to make her more sensible of the dangers with which she was surrounded: and having read it, she burst into this affecting petition to heaven; Whatever may be my destiny, may that dreadful part of my father's malediction, that I may be punished by the man in whom he supposes I have placed my confidence, not take place. Or, if it is necessary for the

support of parental authority, that I should be punished by him, may it not be by his wilful and premeditated baseness; but may I be able to acquit his intention, if not his action. I should be glad that the unkindness of my father and uncles, whose hearts have already been too much wounded by my errors, may be justified in every article except this heavy curse.

As Clarissa had now her cloaths, Mr. Lovelace was very importunate with her to go with him and some of the young people of the house to public places; but this she refused him. He now took not the least notice of the day which he used to say would crown his hopes, and every thing about her contributed to her dissatisfaction. One day, when Lovelace was abroad, she was looking over some of her dear Miss Howe's letters in the dining-room, when she accidentally dropped one of them at her feet. This was seen by her maid Dorcas, who meeting Lovelace as he was coming up stairs, told him what she had seen, and added, that if ever he hoped to come at any of her letters, now must be the time, for she was sure her lady did not know that she had dropped it. Lovelace entered the room with an air of transport, and clasping his arms about her as she sat; she all the time huddling up the papers in her handkerchief: O my dearest life, he cried, a lucky expedient have I hit upon in order to hasten Mrs. Fretchville to quit the house. My friends will soon be with you: they will not permit you to suspend my happy day.—And that nothing may be wanting to gratify your utmost punctilio, I will then consent to stay here at Mrs. Sinclair's, while you reside at your new house, and leave the rest to your generosity.

O my beloved creature, will not this be agreeable to you? It will—It must—And then clasping her closer, gave her a more fervent kiss than he had ever before dared to give her, at the same time setting his foot on the letter, he scraped it farther from her, as it were behind the chair. When Clarissa being angry at the liberty he took, bowing low, he begged her pardon, and with the same motion taking up the letter whipt it into his bosom: but the letter being unfolded, this could not be performed without alarming her ears. Up she flew in a moment: traitor! Judas! what have you taken up? cried she, seizing the letter. Lovelace begged pardon, and clasping her hand which had hold of her paper between his. O my beloved, cried he, can you think I have not some curiosity? Let go my hand, cried she; how dare you, sir,—At this rate I see—I too plainly see.—Here loth to let go his prize, he got hold of the rumpled letter. Impudent man! she added, stamping with her feet. For God's sake.—He then let go his prize; when having it in her possession she flew to the door: he threw himself in her way, shut it, and besought her to forgive him; but pushing him from the door, she flew to her own apartment, where she double locked and bolted herself in.

Clarissa now resolved to make application to her parents, in order to try to obtain their pardon, on the condition of living a single life, and resigning her grandfather's estate, and for this purpose wrote to Miss Howe. After this step she avoided every occasion of seeing, or speaking to Lovelace; but the following Sunday, having given orders for a coach being called to carry her to

church, she met him in the entry ready dressed, and in spite of all the opposition she could make, he insisted on attending her, and being thus obliged, against her will, to enter into conversation with him, she plainly told him she had made application to her relations, and was resolved to keep herself to herself till she knew the issue of it. He coloured and seemed surprized; but said, that if it had not been for her keeping herself locked up from him, she might before now have been in possession of Mrs. Fretchville's house, and have had some of the ladies of his family with her: adding, 'that though he would continue his passive observance, till he knew the issue of her application; yet she must expect, that then he would never rest one moment till she had fixed his happy day.

Clarissa was in this situation when her dear Miss Howe let her know, that all submission to her hard-hearted family would be in vain; that her mother durst not plead for her, and that her father, still under the undue influence of her brother and sister, was inexorable, as were also her two uncles. Her dear friend advised her by all means to marry as soon as possible; but it was not in her power to follow this advice: though to amuse her, Lovelace pleaded his passion and reproached her for her indifference in the strongest terms, and even sent her a copy of proposals relating to the marriage-settlements, that had the appearance of great generosity; but still, whenever he pressed her to name the day, he mentioned several, and before he would allow her to speak raised objections for her, and ran away from the subject. In one of these conversations he mentioned

the hopes he had that his uncle Lord M. would be the lady's father, on which Clarissa replied, that the word father had a sweet and venerable sound with it; and she should be glad to have a father that would own her; but instead of improving this half consent, which was uttered in a manner that greatly affected him, he repulsed the tenderness that rose to his eyes, and objected that his uncle's being lame of the gout would hardly permit him the honour, and then talked of settlements and writings that would take up time. Fretted at his indelicate delays, she had some thoughts of escaping from him, though her relations would neither receive nor own her. These thoughts she communicated to her friend who used all her diligence to find her a secure and convenient retreat, and at length sent her word that she had found one: but now Lovelace's behaviour gave her hopes; but these hopes were of a very transient nature.

This artful and designing man, with much importunity, prevailed on her to suffer him to attend her to a play, in company with one of Mrs. Sinclair's supposed nieces, and while they were absent, several women in the house were directed to search for and copy Miss Howe's letters. These were found, and all were employed in transcribing the severe reflections that virtuous lady cast on Mr. Lovelace's cruel, base, and ungenerous conduct, and the schemes she had formed for Clarissa's escape. And, that they might have time to finish these extracts, that lady was, though with great reluctance on her side, detained by Lovelace in the dining-room, till it was very late.

The intriguing Lovelace, stung to the quick at the

severe reflections cast upon him in these letters, was more exasperated, as he knew them to be just; his mind now turned on projects of revenge; he strengthened his aversion to marriage, and resolved to try every art to bring the lovely Clarissa to live with him on his own terms. His tenderness, when they were together, was now mingled with a savage fierceness and the most violent bursts of passion, with which she was frightened and alarmed. Provoked by this treatment, she tore almost in two an answer she had wrote to his proposals in relation to the marriage-articles; an answer that at once bespoke her virtue and prudence; her duty to her parents, and the nobleness and delicacy of her soul. When he found that she was deeply offended, he, who prided himself in his plots, invented new stratagems to surprize her credulity, and made use of deep-laid falsehoods, in which he was supported and assisted by abandoned persons, who were taught to act the part he pointed out to them; the noble house he pretended to have taken, and which he was prevented from carrying her to, by the widow Fretchville's delays, had answered his purpose, by making Clarissa content to stay with people whom she disliked: these expectations were now removed, by pretending that that imaginary lady was seized with the small-pox; and to answer his own vile purposes, and gain upon the tender heart of Clarissa, who pined after a reconciliation with her parents, a reconciliation was pretended to be set on foot, by means of a practised old villain, who assumed the name and title of captain Tomlinson. This fellow was instructed to form a plausible story of his having lately purchased an estate in her uncle's neighbourhood,

in order to spend the few remaining years of his life in peace and retirement, where contracting an intimate friendship with her uncle, John Harlowe, he was let into the whole of the unhappy affair, and was informed that overtures had been made for a reconciliation: that her uncle, who had been actually applied to on this occasion, had better considered the matter, and if they were actually married, would do his endeavour to reconcile all parties.

Lovelace made use of all his art to engage her to say to this man that they were married, or at least to countenance his asserting it by her silence; but this she positively refused: she was sensible of her folly, she said, in suffering the people of the family to remain in an error; and at her indiscretion in appearing in that character before his friends, and nothing in the world, not even the success of her dearest hopes, should again engage her to countenance his falsehoods. Lovelace was therefore obliged to alter his plan. The supposed captain appeared, and Clarissa, by Lovelace's desire, overheard the conversation that passed between them. In short, he was invited to breakfast with them both the next morning, *When*, after a long conversation, in which he acted his part so well as to gain the esteem of Clarissa, he took his leave, and on Mr. Lovelace's return from respectfully attending him to the outward door, she met him, with complacency reigning in every lovely feature. You see me already, said she, another creature. You know not, Mr. Lovelace, how near my heart this hoped-for reconciliation is. I am now willing to banish every disagreeable remembrance. You know

not, sir, how much you have obliged me: and, oh, Mr. Lovelace, how happy shall I be, (when my heart is lightened from the all-sinking weight of a father's curse! when my dear mamma (you don't know, sir, half the excellencies of my dear mamma! and what a kind heart she has, when it is left to follow its own impulses.—When this blessed mamma) shall once more fold me to her indulgent bosom! when I shall again have uncles and aunts, and a brother and sister, all striving who shall shew most kindness and favour to the poor outcast; then no more an outcast.—And you, Mr. Lovelace, to behold all this, and to be received into a family so dear to me with welcome!—What though a little cold at first, when they come to know you better, and to see you oftener; and you, as I hope, having entered upon a new course, all will be warmer and warmer love on both sides, till every one, perhaps, will wonder how they came to set themselves against you. Then drying her eyes with her handkerchief, after a few moments pausing, on a sudden, as if recollecting that she had been led by her joy to an expression of it, which she had not intended he should see, she retired to her chamber with precipitation, leaving Lovelace with his heart too full for utterance. But the compunction this enterprising man felt on this, and many other occasions of the like nature, was of short duration; the pride and arrogance of his heart, his aversion to marriage, and the hatred he bore to the family of this accomplished beauty, made him stifle the dictates of conscience, and steadily pursue his infamous projects. The pretended reconciliation was carried on so as to flatter the tender heart of Claris-

sa with the hopes of its being soon accomplished; but when all her doubts and fears were cleared up and banished, and this delightful prospect was opened before her, he only strove to gain upon her affections, and by taking hold of those favourable moments when her heart was elated with hope, to make way, by little freedoms, for the accomplishment of the greatest: and when in these encroaching steps he took liberties with her person, which the delicacy of her virtue would not allow; a visit, or a letter from captain Tomlinson, to acquaint her with the measures taken by him and her uncle to accomplish this reconciliation, was contrived to remove her resentment and restore him to favour: mean-while the marriage-settlements were drawn up and engrossed, a licence applied for, and every method taken to remove the least doubt of his intentions being honourable.

However, Clarissa's vigilance, and her resolution not to suffer any initiatory freedoms, together with that noble purity of mind, with which she repulsed every attempt of this sort, preserved her virtue, and rendered all the attempts of his ensnaring fondness ineffectual: but these victories only served to stimulate him to a bolder and more daring attempt; to terrify, put her off her guard, and endeavour to conquer her virtue by surprise.

They had passed several happy days together, and she having spent the evening with Lovelace, he suffered her to leave him sooner than usual, on her promising not to sit up to write or read, but to retire directly to rest. A little after two in the morning, when the whole house was still, the alarm of fire was given, and Deaneas, her maid, running to her door, and rapping loudly at it,

cried in a shrill voice, Fire! fire!—the house is on fire! —Rise, madam!—this instant rise,—if you would not be burnt in your bed! instantly the lady's door was unbolted, unlocked, and opened with hasty violence, when Lovelace, flying to her chamber-door, beheld her supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, dressed only in her under petticoat, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw him, she panted, and struggled to speak; but could only say, Oh, Mr. Lovelace! and down was ready to sink.

Lovelace then clasping her in his arms, cried, My dearest life! fear nothing; I have been up,—the danger is over,—the fire is got under.—And turning to Dorcas, added, How could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel! then lifting her to her bed, he sat down by the side of it, endeavouring, by the utmost tenderness, as well of action as of expression, to dissipate her terrors. Clarissa already forgot the occasion, dreadful as it was, and burst into the most passionate expressions: she appealed to heaven against his treachery, while he, by the most solemn vows, pleaded his own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed them both. She conjured him, in the most solemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and soothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye. He besought her pardon, and repeatedly vowed that the next morning's sun should witness their espousals: but taking all his protestations of this kind, as an indication that he intended to proceed to the last

extremity, she would hear nothing that he said; but redoubling her struggles to get from him, in broken accents, and exclamations the most vehement, she protested that she would not survive a treatment so disgraceful and villainous; and, looking all wildly round her, as if for some instrument of mischief, she espied a pair of sharp pointed scissars on a chair by the bed-side, and endeavoured to catch them up, with design to make her words good on the spot.

Seeing her desperation, he begged her to be pacified, —and that she would hear him speak but one word, declaring that he intended no dishonour to her: and having seized the scissars, threw them into the chimney; and she still insisting vehemently upon his distance, he permitted her to take the chair. But while her eyes ran over, yet seemed to threaten future vengeance, the obdurate villain clasped her once more to his bosom. Her force, considering the delicacy of her frame, was now amazing, and shewed how much in earnest she was in her resentment; for it was with the utmost difficulty that he was able to hold her: nor could he prevent her sliding through his arms to fall upon her knees, which she did at his feet; and there, in the anguish of her soul, her streaming eyes lifted up to his face with supplicating softness, with hands folded, and dishevelled hair; for her night head-dress having fallen off in her struggling, her charming tresses fell down in natural shining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazzling beauties of her neck and shoulders; her lovely bosom too heaving with sighs and broken sobs, as if to aid her quivering lips in pleading for her. In this manner did

she implore his compassion and honour. Consider me, dear Lovelace, cried she, on my knees I beg you to consider me, as a poor creature who has no protector but you; who has no defence but your honour: by that honour! by your humanity! by all you have vowed! I conjure you not to make me abhor myself! not to make me vile in my own eyes! He mentioned the morrow as the happiest day of his life. Tell me not of to-morrow: if indeed you mean me honourably, now, this very instant now! you must shew it and be gone! The savage-hearted Lovelace then rudely kissing her neck as she still kneeled at his feet, while he sat before her; Wicked wretch!—Insolent villain, cried she. Am I then a villain, madam? he replied:—am I then a villain, say you? O no!—and yet you are, she cried. Kill me! kill me!—if I am odious enough in your eyes to deserve this treatment, and I will thank you!—too long, much too long has my life been a burden to me!—or, (wildly looking all around her) give me but the means, and I will instantly convince you that my honour is dearer to me than my life! then with still folded hands and fresh-streaming eyes, he was her blessed Lovelace; and she would thank him with her latest breath, if he would permit her to make that preference, or free her from farther indignities.

Lovelace sat for a moment in suspense, still, however, clasping her to his bosom, as he had raised her from her knees; she again slid through his arms and dropt upon them: See, Mr. Lovelace! cried she, see at your feet a poor creature imploring your pity, who, for your sake, is abandoned of all the world! let not

my father's curse thus dreadfully operate ! be not you the inflicter, who have been the cause of it ! but spare me ! I beseech you, spare me !—For how have I deserved this treatment from you ?—For your own sake, if not for my sake, and as you would that God Almighty in your last hour should have mercy upon you, spare me ! He would again have raised the fair suppliant from her knees, but she would not be raised, till his softened mind, she said, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her rise to be innocent. Rise then, my angel, returned Lovelace, rise and be what you are, and all you wish to be ; only pronounce me pardoned for what has passed, and I will retire to my apartment. God Almighty, said she, hear your prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard mine ! and now leave me, this moment leave me to my own recollection : in that you will leave me to misery enough, and more than you ought to wish to your bitterest enemy.

Lovelace, notwithstanding this seeming victory over him, would not leave her till he had made her say that she had forgiven him, and had extorted a promise that she would look upon him on the morrow as if nothing had passed. But no sooner had this base man entered his apartment, than recollecting the opportunity he had lost, he repented, and hastened back, in hope, that through the distress of mind in which he had left her, she had not so soon fastened her door, and was fully resolved to execute all his purposes, let the consequences be what they would. But he found her door fast, and not all his persuasions could prevail on her to open it, though he pretended that he wanted but to say three

words, that would be the most acceptable she had ever heard from him.

The next day he rapped several times at her door, and repeatedly claimed her promise, without obtaining an answer; and looking through the key-hole, he saw her on her knees, her face, though not towards him, lifted up as well as her folded hands deprecating, as he supposed, her cruel father's curse; he was moved, and in tender language begged her to admit him to her presence. I cannot see you! cried she; would to heaven I never had! if I write, that's all I can do. He then desired she would favour him with a line, and retiring, Dorcas presently after brought him the following letter.

" I cannot see you; nor will I, if I can help it.
" Words cannot express the anguish of my soul on your
" baseness and ingratitude.

" If the circumstances of things are such, that I can
" have no way for reconciliation with those who would
" have been my natural protectors from such outrages,
" but through you (the only inducement I can have to
" stay a moment in your knowledge) pen and ink must
" be, at present, the only means of communication
" between us.

" Vilest of men! and most detestable of plotters!
" how have I deserved from you the shocking indigni-
" ties!—But no more,—only for your own sake, wish
" not for a week to come, to see

" The undeservedly injured and insulted

" CLARISSA HARLOWE."

Several other letters passed between them on this occasion, in which Clarissa maintained her resolution of not seeing him, and Lovelace, depending on his own arts, by which he thought he should be able to avoid a marriage, even at the last extremity, pressed her in the warmest terms to accept of his hand, and actually made application to obtain a licence. Lovelace had no sooner left the vile house, than Dorcas acquainted Clarissa that he was gone to Doctors-Commons, and should be heard of, for some hours, at the Horns there, if enquired after by the counsellor about the settlements; and that he should not return till late. She then urged her to take some refreshment.

Clarissa was in tears when Dorcas approached her, and her eyes were swelled with weeping: she refused either to eat or drink, and sighed as if her heart would break; yet seemed resolved not to see him for a week at least. She ordered her to bring her up three or four French rolls with a little butter and a decanter of water, telling her she would dispense with her attendance. Dorcas consulted Mrs. Sinclair about obeying her; who readily consented, crying, that Mr. Lovelace knew how to come at her at any time, and directed a bottle of sherry to be added. This chearful compliance so obliged Clarissa, that she was prevailed upon to go up and look at the damage done by the fire; and she appeared not only shocked at it, but seemed satisfied it was no trick, as she owned she had at first apprehended it to be. This made them secure, and they laughed in their sleeves, to think what a childish way she had found out of shewing her resentment.

Clarissa then sent Will, Mr. Lovelace's servant, with a letter for Miss Howe, directing him to enquire if there were none left for her: But putting her letter in his pocket to give it to his master, he pretended to go, and brought word there was none. She then ordered him to carry another, which she gave him, to Mr. Lovelace; and while he was gone, slipped down stairs, and, unperceived, escaped into the street, and running hastily along with a small bundle in her hand, did not stop till she came to a stand of coaches, the tears all the way flowing from her eyes, and every one wondering at the distress, hurry, and confusion shewn by this weeping beauty; a coachman plied her, was accepted, and observing her haste, alighted and opened the coach-door in a hurry; when stumbling in for haste, she cried, Drive fast! very fast! Where, Madam? said the coachman, To Holborn Bars, answered she, drive very fast! and pulling up the window, was instantly out of sight of the spectators. Being set down at Holborn-Bars, she went to the Hampstead stage, and there being but two passengers ready, took all the vacant places, and made the coachman drive off immediately. The two passengers giving directions to be set down at the Upper Flesk, she desired to be set down there too; and on her arrival there, asked if she could not have a dish of tea, and a room to herself for half an hour? she seemed spiritless and fatigued. The woman of the house chose to attend so genteel and lovely a guest; but Clarissa made her sit down with her, and asked her abundance of questions about the villages and roads in that neighbourhood. She was in the greatest distress how to conceal herself, and escape the search of

the abandoned Lovelace. At her leaving this house she went towards Hendon, passing by the sign of the Castle on the heath; then stopping, looked about her, and down into the valley before her: then continuing on a few paces, she stopp'd again, and, weeping, directed her course towards Hampstead, where she presently after took a lodging at one Mrs. Moore's, after she had first enquired her character at a shop in the neighbourhood.

Lovelace was in the greatest rage, when on his return he was informed of her escape; he cursed the whole family, and his servant was sent in search for her, with orders never to see his face till he had discovered where she was. This rage was greatly heightened by a long letter from Miss Howe to her dear friend, which he received and broke open. This letter was filled with execrations against him as a most abandoned monster, founded on sufficient evidence of the baseness of all his views; at the same time, accounting for the manner by which she came by her intelligence. "Miss Lardner, " said she, whom you have seen at your cousin Beddulph's " saw you at St. James's church on Sunday was fortnight, and kept you in her eye during the whole time, " but could not once obtain the notice of yours, tho' she " curtesy'd to you twice. She thought to pay her compliments to you when the service was over; for she " doubted not but you were married,—and for an odd " reason,—because you came by yourself.—Every eye, " as usual, was upon you; and this seeming to give you " hurry, you slid out before she could get to you; but " she ordered her servant to follow you till you were " housed. This servant saw you step into a chair, which

“ waited for you; and you ordered the men to carry you
“ to the place where they took you up. The next day
“ Miss Lardner sent the same servant, out of mere curi-
“ osity, to make private enquiry whether Mr. Lovelace
“ were, or were not with you there; and this enquiry
“ brought out from different people, that the house had
“ a very infamous character; that the woman who kept
“ it was not named Sinclair, nor was the street it was
“ in Dover-street; and that there were two houses, the
“ back house, in which all decent appearances were
“ preserved, and guests rarely admitted; and the other
“ the receptacle of those who were absolutely engaged,
“ and broken to the vile yoke of prostitution.”

In the same letter Miss Howe observed, that she had inquired into the truth of the reconciliation pretended to be carried on with her uncle by Captain Tomlinson, and found that it was a base imposition, and that Tomlinson was a specious villain, the tool of Lovelace, employed to carry on his base designs.

The generous friendship of Miss Howe for her dear Clarissa appeared in every line of this letter; and the warmth of her heart made her equally lavish of her execrations against Lovelace, and her prayers and offers of service to her friend.

Lovelace, though highly incensed at this letter, rejoiced that it had not fallen into Clarissa's hands; but while he was forming schemes of revenge against Miss Howe, and resolutions to punish the lovely Clarissa, if she should again fall into his power, he received a letter from his servant, informing him, that he had traced every step she had taken, and that she was now at Hamp-

stead, where he had taken such measures that she could not remove from thence without his notice. Transported with this news, Lovelace set out the next morning in a chariot and four for the Upper Flask at Hampstead, richly dressed, and attended by a footman whom Clarissa had never seen; accompanied also by the pretended Captain Tomlinson, whom he left at the foot of the hill, intending to make use of him if he found it necessary, to bring about a reconciliation.

His servant, before he came, told the people of the house, that his lady was lately married to one of the finest gentlemen in the world; but he being gay and lively, she was mortally jealous of him, and in a fit of this sort, had eloped from him, and that she had three or four times play'd his master such tricks; but with all the virtue and innocence in the world, running away to an intimate friend of hers, who, tho' a young lady of honour, was but too indulgent to her in this only failing; and that he had now left his master half distracted. But notwithstanding her thus leaving him, she loved him dearly, and he doated upon her.

The fellow ingratiated himself so far with the people by these stories, in which he had before been instructed by his master, that they helped him to a change of cloaths for himself, and privately enquired if she actually remained at Mrs. Moore's, and for how long she had taken the lodgings; which he found was only for a week certain; but she had said, that she believed she should hardly stay so long.

Lovelace, on his coming, found every body ready to oblige him, and acted the part of the tender husband so

well as to gain every one's pity. He told them, that if his spouse should see him at a distance, she would make it very difficult for him to get at her speech, and desired the landlord to lend him a great coat with a cape; which when he had adjusted and buttoned the cape over his chin, he asked for a little powder, and lightly shook the puff over his hat, flapping one side of it over his eyes, and then putting on a pair of coarse stirrup stockings, gave his legs a gouty appearance.

Lovelace thus equipped left the public house, and on his arrival at Mrs. Moore's, alighted out of his chaise, stooping in the shoulders, leaning very hard on his cane with one hand, and on his servant with the other. He pretended that he wanted lodgings for his old wife, who laboured under a complication of disorders, and acted the part of a gouty old man so perfectly as to deceive Mrs. Moore. He hobbled up stairs and saw all the apartments, except Clarissa's, and at last got admission into that, while she retired into a closet. He was resolved to fetch her out, if possible; and pretending to be going,—You can't agree as to any time, Mrs. Moore, when we can have this third room, can you?—Not that, said he (whispering loud enough to be heard in the next room,) not that I would incommode the lady; but I would tell my wife whereabouts.—Clarissa then broke silence: Mrs. Moore, said she, you may acquaint the gentleman, that I shall stay here only two or three days at most, till I receive an answer to a letter I have written into the country; and rather than to be your hindrance, I will take up with any apartment a pair of stairs higher. Not for the world! not for the world,

young lady, cried he.---My wife, as well as I love her, should lie in a garret, rather than put such a considerate lady, as you seem to be, to the least inconveniency. She opened not the door yet; and he added, But since you have so much goodness, madam, if I could but just look into the closet, as I stand, I could tell my wife whether it is large enough to hold a cabinet she much values, and will have with her wherever she goes.

Clarissa then opened the door; he was struck with her presence, and had much ado to forbear discovering himself that instant: but hesitatingly, and in great disorder, he said, looking into the closet, and around it, There is room, I see, for my wife's cabinet, and it has many jewels in it of high price; but upon my soul, nothing so valuable as the lady I see can be brought into it! the truth of the compliment had in a manner taken dissimulation from his accent. Clarissa started. He saw it was impossible to conceal himself longer from her, or to conceal the impulses of his own passion, he therefore unbuttoned his cape, pulled off his stapp'd slouch'd hat, and threw open his great coat. But she no sooner saw who it was, than giving three violent screams, she sunk down at his feet in a fit, before he could catch her in his arms. Mrs. Moore seeing so great an alteration in his person, features, voice, and dress, cried out, Murder! help! murder! help! by turns, for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the house, and up ran two servant maids, and Lovelace's servant after them. Lovelace himself called out for water and hartshorn, and every one flew a different way, one of the maids as fast down as she came up; while Mrs. Moore ran out of one

room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment they were in, without meaning or end, wringing her hands, and not knowing what she did. Up then came running a gentleman and his sister, brought in by the maid who had run down; and who having, she said, let in a crabbed old wretch, hobbling with the gout, and mumbling with his hoarse, broken-toothed voice, was metamorphosed all at once into a lively, gay young gentleman, with a clear accent and all his teeth, who, in her opinion, could be neither more nor less than the devil.

Lovelace was all this while so intent upon restoring Clarissa, that he regarded nobody else. And at last, she slowly recovering motion with bitter sighs and sobs, he called upon her in the tenderest accent, as he kneeled by her, his arm supporting her head, My angel! my Clarissa! look upon me, my dearest life!—I am not angry with you!—I will forgive you, my best beloved!

The gentleman and his sister knew not what to make of this; and the less when Clarissa, recovering her sight, snatched another look at Lovelace, and then again groaned and fainted away. Lovelace then threw up the closet sash for air, and then left her to the care of the young gentlewoman who came in with her brother, whose name was Rawlins, and to that of Mrs. Moore, who by this time had recovered herself; and then retiring to one corner of the room, he made his servant pull off his gouty stockings, brush his hat, and loop it up in the usual smart cock. He then stepped to Mr. Rawlins, whom, in the general confusion, he had not minded before—Sir, said he, you have had an un-

common scene before you; the lady is my wife, and no gentleman's presence is necessary here but my own. I beg pardon, sir, said he, if the lady is your wife, I have no business here: but, sir, by her concern at seeing you,---Pray, sir, cried Lovelace, none of your ifs and buts, I beseech you: you are a very unqualified judge in this cause, and I beg of you, sir, to oblige me with your absence.

On this Mr. Rawlins retired, and Lovelace, finding her beginning to recover, lest the closet, lest the sight of him too soon should throw her back again. At last, looking round her with great emotion. O hide me! hide me! cried she; is he gone? O hide me! is he gone? Sir, said Miss Rawlins, coming to him, this is some surprizing case. The lady cannot bear the sight of you: what you have done is best known to yourself; but another such fit will probably be her last. It would be but kind, therefore, for you to retire. The dear creature, said he, may well be concerned to see me: if you, madam, had a husband who loved you, as I love her, you would not, I am confident, fly from him, and expose yourself to hazards, as she does when she has not all her way.---But, mother-spoil'd! this is her fault, and all her fault; and the more inexcusable it is, as I am the man of her choice, and have reason to think she loves me above all the men in the world. I have three times already forgiven the dear creature,---but this jealousy,---there is a spice of that in it, and of phrensy too:---but our story is too long. He then begged that they would not suffer her to talk, for that she was accustomed to fits, and when in this way would say any thing

that came uppermost. They promised to keep her quiet, and Lovelace retired to the next room.

The poor Clarissa, on her recovering her senses, burst into the bitterest exclamations, and wringing her hands, said, that she was ruined and undone; and begged they would assist her to escape the evils she should otherwise be made to suffer. They preached patience to her, and would have had her lie down, but she refused; sinking, however, into an easy chair, for she trembled so she could not stand.

By this time Lovelace hoped that she was well enough recovered to bear a presence which he thought his own interest required she should bear: but, on seeing him, she redoubled her exclamations, and besought him in the strongest terms to leave her. To which he answered in the tenderest language, telling her that he had a letter from captain Tomlinson, and using such expressions as he knew would set her in such a passion before the women, as might confirm the intimation he had given of a phrensical disorder. This artifice had its effect; she exclaimed against his baseness, and then, bursting into tears, begged pardon of the women for her passionate excess. Indeed, ladies, said he, this violence is not natural to my beloved's temper.---Misapprehension---Misapprehension! wretch! cried she, while scorn agitated each lovely feature. Then turning her face from him, she added, I have not patience, O thou guileful betrayer, to look upon thee; be gone! be gone!

Lovelace now imagining that the character of a husband made it necessary that he should be angry, raised his voice, You may one day, madam, said he, repent

this treatment,---by my soul you may---You know I have not deserved it of you,---you know I have not. Never did man of my figure and consideration meet with such treatment. She lifted up her hands, and while indignation kept her silent, he proceeded, accusing her of severity and injustice in treating him in this manner before those two gentlewomen; telling her, that since she would have it so, he would leave her to her fate, and if she would let him know whither he should send her apparel, and ever thing that belonged to her, he would send it. Send it to this place, said she, and assure me that you will never molest me more, never more come near me, and that is all I ask of you.

He pretended to be going from her in a pet; but when he had got to the door, turned back, and, as if recollecting himself, One word more, my dearest creature! cried he, charming even in your anger! O my fond soul! turning half round and pulling out his handkerchief; one word only, madam, repeated he, I have represented to captain Tomlinson in the most favourable light the cause of our present misunderstanding. The letter in my hand will acquaint you with what you have to apprehend from your brother's active malice. The captain, you know, has reported our marriage to two different persons: it is come to your brother's ears; my own relations have also heard of it. Letters were brought me from town this morning from Lady Betty Lawrence and Miss Montague; here they are (pulling them out of his pocket, and offering them to her, with that of the captain's, but she held back her hand :) reflect, madam, I beseech you reflect, upon the fatal con-

sequences which this high resentment may be attended with. Ever since I knew you, said she, I have been in a wilderness of doubt and error; I bless God that I am out of your hands, I will transact for myself what relates to myself. Am I not my own mistress?---Am I not.---He was afraid to let her proceed, and raised his voice to drown hers. You used, my dearest creature, to have a tender and apprehensive heart.---You never had so much reason for such a one as now. Let me judge for myself.---Do you think I shall ever.---He dreaded her going on, and raising his voice still higher, cried, I must be heard, madam. You must let me read one paragraph or two of this letter to you, if you will not read it yourself.---Be gone from me, man! said she,---be gone from me with thy letters! what pretence hast thou for tormenting me thus? Dearest creature, what questions you ask! questions that you can as well answer yourself.---I can, I will, she returned; and thus I answer them. He again raised his voice and overbore her with words, but when he found her silent he softened his accent, and intreated her to see captain Tomlinson with temper, and begged that for the peace of her own mind, she would not frustrate the captain's negotiations. She was going to speak, when he proceeded, in a strong and solemn voice, If we are to separate for ever, this island shall not long be troubled with me.---Mean time, only be pleased to give these letters a perusal, and consider what is to be said to your uncle's friend, and what he is to say to your uncle. He then put the letters into her lap, and with a low bow and a solemn air retired into the next apartment, whither he

was soon followed by Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins.

Lovelace having got these women together resolved to spare no pains to engage them in his interest, and for this purpose gave them the history of his own and Clarissa's family, together with their fortunes, alliances, and antipathies; her aversion to Mr. Solmes, and her putting herself into his protection; and boldly asserted that they had been privately married, though his spouse had made him swear to keep separate beds, and that this she held him to, in order to induce him the sooner to be reconciled to her relations. As Miss Howe had actually detected the bawd, to whose house he had carried Clarissa; and might possibly find some way still to acquaint her friend with her discoveries; he thought it proper to prepossess them in her favour, and in that of her two nieces, by representing them as very good people; and to describe Miss Howe as a perfect virago, and that for a head to contrive mischief, and a heart to execute it, she had not her equal in her sex. He then told them the occasion of their present difference: avowed the reality of the fire; but owned, that having a husband's right on his side, he would have made no scruple of breaking the unnatural oath she had bound him in, when she was so accidentally frightened into his arms: and blamed himself excessively that he did not; since she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, and had the injustice to suppose the fire a contrivance of his. He then read them part of a copy of captain Tomlinson's letter, and afterwards put into their hands the copies of the two letters which he pretended to have received from his cousins, Lady Betty Lawrence and Miss

Montague, in which they blamed him for not acquainting them with his marriage, congratulated him on his happy prospects, and expressed their desire to pay the lady a visit, to testify their esteem for her on account of her transcendent merit: and they having read these letters, he added, But very little heart have I to encourage such a visit from Lady Betty and Miss Montague to my spouse. For after all, I am tired out with her strange ways. She is not what she was, and (as I told you in her hearing, ladies) I will leave this plaguy island, though the place of my birth, and though the stake I have in it is very considerable; and go and reside in France or Italy, and never think of myself as a married man, nor live like one.

In short, Lovelace gained over the widow Moore and Miss Rawlins, and even prevailed on the former to accept him for her boarder and lodger; but on Clarissa's absolutely refusing to lie in the same house with him, he was contented with taking lodgings in the neighbourhood, and with having obtained leave for his servant to lie there, who had private orders to watch Clarissa, in order to prevent her escape, or her receiving a letter from Miss Howe.

On their return to Clarissa, Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins pleaded with that lady in behalf of Mr. Lovelace, while she in the most distressful terms besought them to favour her escape. Lovelace overheard what was said, and fearing that she would remove the false impressions he had been making in the minds of these virtuous women, entered in order to interrupt their conversation; when Clarissa complaining of his invad-

ing her retirement, asked him if he would say before that lady and Mrs. Moore, that they were really married, and added, Lay your hand on your heart and answer me, Am I your wedded wife? Lovelace, who would have made no scruple of asserting this in the strongest terms, could it have answered any purpose, was by this question thrown into confusion; for he well knew that if he boldly asserted such a falsehood to her face, she would never more believe any thing he said: he therefore avoided giving her a direct answer. She still pressed the question: but could only obtain from him quibbles and prevarications. She then resolved to leave the house immediately; but he forcibly detained her by setting his back against the door, and then dropping on his knee begged her pardon, and besought her to stay and receive the promised visit of Lady Betty and his cousin Montague, and to receive from captain Tomlinson the news of her uncle's compliance with both their wishes. In vain was all her endeavours to get from him, she grew perfectly distressed; was ready to sink, and forced to lean against the wainscot as he kneeled at her feet. A stream of tears at last burst from her eyes, and lifting up her face and clasped hands, Good heaven, said she, what is at last to be my destiny? ---Deliver me from this dangerous man; and direct me! ---I know not what I do; what I can do; nor what I ought to do! She then turned from him and threw herself into a chair. He arose and approached her with reverence.---My dearest creature, said he, and was proceeding, when with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted him.—Ungenerous, ungrateful Love-

lace!—You know not the value of the heart you have insulted! nor can you conceive how much my soul despises your meanness. But meanness must ever be the portion of the man who can act vilely!—

The women, believing that they were now likely to be upon better terms, retired, though she opposed their going; he then on his knee implored her forgiveness, and promised the exactest circumspection for the future: but she was not easily to be brought to trust to his promises, and no arguments could prevail on her to dine with him, or even for the present to taste any refreshment.

Mr. Lovelace and Mrs. Moore had with them at dinner a young widow, whose name was Bevis, who was very forward, very lively, and presently seemed a greater admirer of Mr. Lovelace. As this lady was to stay a month with Mrs. Moore, who was her aunt, Lovelace took great pains to engage her to side with him against Clarissa, and for this purpose represented Miss Howe as the cause of all their misunderstandings; and the pretended captain Tomlinson coming in, a conversation passed between them directly calculated to make every one present believe that he was really married to Clarissa, and that Miss Howe from rage and jealousy at being slighted by him, took every opportunity to widen the difference between them. Lovelace now said that he thought it high time to acquaint his spouse that captain Tomlinson was come, and Mrs. Moore went up and requested in his name that she would give them audience; but she desired to be excused for the present, as she was very ill. The captain, who always pretended

to have much business on his hands, seemed greatly vexed, and took his leave till the next day.

But he was hardly gone when Lovelace received from his servant Miss Howe's letter, in answer to one Clarissa had sent, to inform her of her escape to Mrs. Moore's, in which she had mentioned the low plot of firing the house in order to force her into Lovelace's arms, and had told her friend that the whole was a base contrivance, and that she was satisfied it was an infamous house, since, though she could hear the women in the next room, they took no notice of her cries. Lovelace's servant had been ordered to intercept Miss Howe's answer, he stopt the messenger, made him drunk, and having picked the letter out of his pocket, carried it to his master, who having found means to read it, without breaking the seal, had it carried back and deposited in the fellow's pocket, who was all this while sitting in an ale-house, and who presently after mounted his horse and delivered it into Clarissa's own hand. In this letter Miss Howe congratulated her dear friend on her escape, and informed her that she was excessively uneasy about a very important letter she had before sent, and which she would not have fall into Lovelace's hands for the world. Clarissa immediately applied to Mrs. Moore, and told her that she mattered not the price could a man and horse be engaged for her, only to go for a letter left for her at one Mr. Wilson's in Pall-Mall. A poor neighbour was hired, and a horse procured for him, who the same evening returned with a letter; but not that sent by Miss Howe. The important letter which gave that lady such concern, was that in which she had laid

open the plots of the designing villain, who had carried Clarissa to a vile house in order to destroy that virtue which he ought to have protected; and as Lovelace had read that letter, and still had it in his possession, he had copied those parts of it that were most in his favour, omitting every thing that might lead her to think that Sinclair was a bawd and Tomlinson an impostor; at the same time so artfully imitating Miss Howe's hand, that it was not easy to know the difference. The next day Clarissa wrote an answer to Miss Howe, informing her that she had received her letter in safety, and referring a further account of her affairs till she had a quieter heart and less trembling fingers. This she gave to Mrs. Moore's maid, who being courted by Lovelace's servant, gave it to him to put into the post-office, and he gave it to his master, who instantly forged another, more like what she would have written, had she really received the intelligence sent by her friend.

While Lovelace was engaged in these vile arts of forgery and base imposition, he behaved to Clarissa with the utmost tenderness and all the marks of sorrow and repentance for his having offended her. The specious villain Tomlinson was introduced to her, and several very interesting conversations passed between him, Lovelace, and that lady, in which no arguments were spared to engage her to put confidence in him, and to banish all apprehensions of his design against her. Mean while his heart and his conscience strongly prompted him to be just, to own his baseness, and to merit her favour by laying aside all his wicked plots; but his libertine principles prevailed, and revenge and pride made him still

resolve to humble her soaring virtue, and before he married her to bring her down more to his own level. His insidious arts even prevailed upon her so far as to allow him her company, and to shew some compassion for his apparent distress; but she would determine upon nothing till she received another letter from her dear and only friend; and this he was resolved, if possible, to prevent.

The very day in which he had an affecting conversation with her alone, a messenger arrived from Miss Howe with a letter, which he would deliver into nobody's hand but Clarissa's; but that lady being gone with Mrs. Moore to church, Lovelace prevailed on Mrs. Bevis to personate her, and lying on a couch with her face muffled up, she received the letter, and gave it to Lovelace; who now found fresh cause to rejoice that he had prevented its coming to her hands: for Miss Howe confirmed what she had before wrote of the vile house, her reasons for distrusting the specious Tomlinson, and for thinking that the whole story of Mrs. Fretchville and her house was an absolute fiction: and, in short, proposed a method for her escape.

Lovelace now saw the necessity of hastening his designs. He procured two women of the town, who had been used to appear as ladies of distinction, to personate Lady Betty, and his cousin Montague, and having taught them their parts, and given them directions what to say in writing, had them brought to Mrs. Moore's in a hired coach and four, it being pretended that Lady Betty's was new lining and repairing. They were both richly dressed, and adorned with many jewels that were

hired for this occasion, and being attended by servants nearly in the same livery as Lady Betty's, it was impossible that Clarissa, who had never seen either of those ladies, should suspect their being other than what they appeared. The more these pretended ladies talked to her, the more fond they seemed to grow of her, they loaded her with their caresses, censured Lovelace, and congratulated themselves on the happiness they should receive from an alliance with her, could they prevail on her to forgive him. Clarissa had not the vanity to believe all the high encomiums they made her; yet not suspecting them, she was not displeased at so favourable a beginning of an acquaintance with ladies of whom she had always heard honourable mention.

During this conversation Mr. Lovelace carried himself to his pretended aunt with high respect, and paid a great deference to all she said. He permitted her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees that passed between them; though Clarissa saw, that he purposely forebore that quickness which he never spared shewing to the pretended Miss Montague, and which a man of wit seldom knows how to spare shewing when an opportunity offers to display it. The pretended Miss Montague was still more reverent in her behaviour to her aunt. While the aunt kept up the dignity of the character she had assumed, rallying both of them with the air of a person who depends upon the superiority which years and fortune give over younger persons, who might have a view to be obliged to her, either in life, or at her death. They fell into family-talk, and family-happiness on Clarissa's hoped-for accession into it.

discourged on Lord M's and Lady Sarah's great desire to see her; how many friends and admirers she would have, and what a happy man Lovelace would be. They launched out in deserved praises of Miss Howe, and talked of a reconciliation and intimacy with every one of Clarissa's friends; with her mother particularly, and gave that lady the praises that every body allowed to be her due. So many agreeable things made Clarissa almost forget her resentments against her pretended nephew.

The Lady Betty and Miss Montague had before enquired if they could have accommodations in that house, and being told that they might, had agreed to lie there every night. The Lady Betty now recollecting that she must go to town, ordered her coach to be got to the door, telling Clarissa that they should all go to town, and return together, and that she would leave her woman to get her apartment in order. Clarissa begged to stay behind, but her objections against going were not admitted; she was led to the coach, and Lady Betty bespoke of Mrs. Moore a supper to be ready against their return.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaisance passed all the way: but what a dreadful turn was there in Clarissa's mind, when having passed through several unknown streets, the coach came within sight of the dreadful house from which she had made her escape! Clarissa cried out, the coach stopped at the door, and Lovelace begging she would be under no apprehension, asked if there were any letters for him. Dreadfully did Clarissa's heart misgive her: she was ready to faint.—

Why this terror, my life! said Lovelace. You shall not stir out of the coach. Your lady will faint, said the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him.—My dearest niece! added she, taking her hand, we must alight, if you are so ill.—Let us alight—only for a glass of water and hartshorn—indeed we must alight. No, no, cried Clarissa, no—I am well—quite well—won't the man drive on?—I am well—quite well. Then putting her head out of the coach, Man, drive on; man, drive on! Dorcas came to the door. My dearest creature! said Lovelace, you shall not alight. Any letters for me Dorcas? There are two, sir, she replied, and here is a gentleman waiting for your honour. I'll just speak to him, he returned, open the door.—You sha'n't step out, my dear. But we must step out, nephew; said his aunt. Your lady will faint. Maid, a glass of hartshorn and water! my dear, you must step out.—You will faint, child.—We must cut your laces. Indeed, you must step out, my dear. I know, said Lovelace, that she will be well, the moment the coach drives from the door. She shall not alight; by my soul, she shall not. Lord, lord, nephew, Lord, lord, cousin, cried both the women in a breath, What ado you make about nothing!—you persuade the lady to be afraid of alighting.—Don't you see she is fainting? Indeed, madam, said he, my dearest love must not be moved in this point against her will. Fiddle faddle, foolish man! what a pother is here! said the pretended Lady Betty. I guess how it is: you are ashamed to let us see what sort of people you carried your lady among.

But do you go out and speak to your friend, and take your letters.

He then went out, and Clarissa begged that the coach might go on: while the pretended lady of quality insisted on their alighting; asking her whom she could be afraid of in her and her niece's company; observing, that the people must have behaved shockingly to her, and that she was resolved to inquire into it. At this instant the old creature came to the door, and stepping to the coach, begged a thousand pardons, if she had any way offended her, and intreated the other ladies to alight. In short, a glass of hartshorn and water, which was mixed with some dreadful ingredients, was brought; the pretended lady Betty made her drink it up, and the unhappy Clarissa, notwithstanding all her opposition was prevailed upon to alight, and on the promise of being detained only a few minutes reluctantly entered the house, trembling and faltering in her steps. Tea was called for, and immediately brought, of which she drank only two dishes, observing that the last particularly had a strange taste.

Clarissa was ill before, but she now found herself more and more disordered in her head; a heavy torpid pain increasing fast upon her, which she then imputed only to her terror. Nevertheless at the pretended lady's motion, she went up stairs, attended by Dorcas, and immediately set about taking out some of her cloaths, ordering what should be put up, and what sent after her. While she was thus employed, up came the lady Betty, in a hurry, saying,---My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. I'll just whip away, and change my

dress, and call upon you in an instant. O Madam! said Clarissa, I am ready! I am now ready! you must not leave me here. This instant, this instant, I will return, said she, before you can have packed up your things---We would not be late.---The robbers we have heard of may be out---Don't let us be late. And away she hurried before Clarissa could say another word; her pretended niece going with her, without taking any notice of her going.

Clarissa sunk affrighted into a chair; but soon recovering, blamed herself for her fears and suspicions, from the improbability there was that such ladies would abet treachery against a helpless creature whom they appeared so fond of; and thus recovering herself as well as she was able, she pursued her employment, rubbing her eyes, and taking pinch after pinch of Dorcas's snuff: but when all was over, and she had nothing to do but to think; and found them stay so long, she thought she should have gone distracted. She then shut herself up in the chamber that had been hers, kneeled and prayed: then ran out again, and called for Lovelace, who cursed the ladies for their delay, and sent his servant with orders to bring the coach, if any thing hindered them from attending her that night. The poor Clarissa was grown almost wild with distraction, and complained once or twice of thirst, when instead of giving her water, which they knew to be her common drink, they brought her small-beer; she drank it, and instantly became much worse. At last one of the pretended lady Betty's servants came with a letter to Mr. Lovelace, to put off her going to Hampstead for that night, on account of violent

fits which it was pretended Miss Montague was seized with. This letter he sent up to Clarissa, who now gave herself up for lost, and in a fit of frenzy, tore off her head-cloaths, enquired for Lovelace, and with her shining tresses flowing about her neck, her ruffles torn, and hanging in tatters about her snowy hands, entered the room where he was, sunk down at his feet, and clasping her arms about his knees, Dear Lovelace, said she, if ever—if ever—if ever---And unable to speak another word, quitting her clasping hold, sunk prostrate and speechless on the floor.

Lovelace was quite astonished, and all his purposes were for a few moments suspended; but having proceeded thus far, was resolved not to stop. He lifted her however into a chair, and in words of disordered passion, told her, that all her fears were needless, and begged her to rely on his faith and honour. At last, with an heart-breaking sob, I see, I see, Mr. Lovelace, cried she in broken sentences,---I see, I see---that at last---I am ruined!---Ruined---if your pity--Let me implore your pity!---And down on her bosom, like a half broken-stalked lily, top-heavy with the over charging dews of the morning, sunk her head, with a sigh, that would have pierced any heart that had the least sense of humanity. As soon as she was recovered, she asked, why he did not send for the coach, and desired to go directly to Lady Betty, if she was really Lady Betty; and then assuming a more resolute spirit, cried, I will go!---I will enquire my way!---I will go by myself!---And then would have rushed by him; but he held her fast, pleading the bad way Miss Montague was in. She would believe no-

thing he said unless he would instantly order a coach, and let her go in it to Hampstead; she feared not robbers, he was all her fear, and that house her terror, repeating, if you mean me honourably, let me go out of this hated house.

At this instant came in Mrs. Sinclair, in a great ferment, crying, And what, pray, madam, has this house done to you? And setting her huge arms akembo: Hoh! madam, let me tell you, I am amazed at your freedoms with my character!

Having never seen any thing but obsequiousness in this woman, she was frightened at her masculine air, and fierce look. God help me! cry'd she. What will become of me now! Then turning her head hither and thither, in a wild kind of amaze, added, whom have I for a protector? What will become of me now! I will be your protector, my dearest love! cried he, But indeed you are uncharitably severe upon poor Mrs. Sinclair! She is a gentlewoman born, and would scorn to be guilty of a wilful baseness. I hope so, said she, it may be so---it may be mistaken---But there is no crime, I presume, no treason, to say I don't like her house. The old dragon stalked up to her, with her arms kemboed again. Her eyebrows erect, like the bristles upon a hog's back, and scouling, half hid her ferret eyes, and with two Hoh madams, accosted the frightened fair one; who terrified caught hold of Lovelace's sleeve. He fearing that she would fall into fits, told Mrs. Sinclair, that those apartments were his; and he could not imagine what she meant, either by listening to what passed between him and his spouse, or by her coming in uninvited; much

less to give herself those violent airs. At this the old beldam, throwing herself into a chair, fell a blubbering and exclaiming. And the pacifying of her, and endeavouring to reconcile the lady to her, took up till near one o'clock. What followed was the most base and inhuman acts of violence. The poor Clarissa roused from the dreadful lethargy, into which she was sinking, pleaded for mercy, and cried, I will be yours--Indeed I will be yours to obtain your mercy! but no mercy could she find. Her strength, her intellects failed her. Fits upon fits followed, which procured her no compassion. And death was withheld from her, which she would have received as the greatest mercy.

The second day after this base and horrid act, the monster, Lovelace, had a specimen of what the lady's resentment would be when she recovered her senses: for, entering her apartment after Dorcas, and endeavouring to soothe and pacify her disordered mind; in the midst of his blandishments, she held up to heaven, in a speechless agony, the licence he had procured, and given her, and seemed about to call down vengeance upon him, when sleep locked up all her senses, before she could get half through with her intended imprecation. The next day the poor lady fell into a contrary extreme, and from being too stupid, became as much too lively, and had it not been for some lucid intervals, would have been deemed raving mad. After this she took to writing, which she pursued with such eagerness and hurry, as but too evidently shewed her discomposure. She wrote, she tore, and threw the paper in fragments under the table; then getting up, wringing her

hands, wept, and shifted her seat all round the room; then returned to her table and wrote again. These papers, which though unconnected and incoherent, expressed in a lively manner her sense of the injuries she had suffered, were by Lovelace's order transcribed by Dorcas. The following is one of those addressed to the vile author of her ruin.

"Thou pernicious caterpillar, that preyest upon the
"fair leaf of the virgin fame, and poisonest those leaves
"which thou canst not devour!

"Thou fell blight, thou eastern blast, thou over-
"spreading mildew, that destroyest the early promises
"of the shining year! that mockest the laborious toil,
"and blatest the joyful hopes of the painful husband-
"man!

"Thou fretting moth that corruptest the fairest gar-
"ment.

"Thou eating canker-worm, that preyest upon the
"opening bud, and turnest the damask rose into livid
"yellowness!

"If, as religion teaches us, God will judge us in a
"great measure, by our benevolent or evil actions to
"one another—O wretch! bethink thee in time, be-
"think thee, how great must be thy condemnation!"

The inhuman Lovelace, who was shocked on reflecting on the baseness of his attempt, and the madness that followed it, felt a temporary remorse whenever he gave himself leave to think; but she no sooner began to recover her senses, than listening to the vile solicitations of the abandoned woman of the house, he resumed his project of bringing her to live with him as his mistress.

And hearing that she was coming to speak to him, pleased himself with the thought that he should look her into confusion, and rejoiced at the advantage which the confidence of his sex would give him over the modesty of hers. But the dignity of her manner, at her first appearance, the firm sedateness of her countenance, and the superiority of her soul, expressed by the awful language of offended innocence, shook his whole frame, and made him appear with the faltering hesitation of a guilty miscreant. His guilt, and her innocence, merit, rank, and superiority of talents, all stared him in the face so formidably, that his present account, to which she unexpectedly called him, seemed, as he then thought, to resemble that general one to which we shall all be summoned. In this conversation she boldly asked him what she was farther to suffer from his barbarity, and whether she was still to be kept a prisoner there? he was so confounded by the majestic composure, and the dignity of her just reproaches, that he could only stammer out broken incoherent sentences, and an offer of making her amends by marriage. But thinkest thou, replied she, that marriage will satisfy for a guilt like thine? destitute as thou hast made me both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch who could rob himself of his wife's virtue, to endure the thoughts of thee, in the light thou seemest to hope I will accept thee in!

In short, she had several affecting conversations with him, in which she claimed her right to be left to her own liberty, and actually made several attempts to escape; but, though while in her presence, he was awed by her virtues, yet he would by no means suffer her to

leave the house; and she found herself a prisoner surrounded by those whom she detested, and who were ready to prompt and assist the abandoned Lovelace in all his plots. Often did the vile wretch plead for pardon, and offer marriage; but all his solicitations were ineffectual, and she was resolved, as she told him, never to bind her soul in covenant to a man so nearly allied to perdition.

In this distressful state, in which the unhappy Clarissa was every hour in dread of suffering some fresh act of violence, she thought she observed some marks of compassion in Dorcas; and this wench, by Lovelace's orders, artfully insinuating herself into her favour, she gave her a note in which she promised her a diamond ring, and to settle twenty pounds a year upon her, during her life, on condition she procured her escape.

While things were in this situation, Lovelace received notice that Lord M. was at the point of death, and desired to see him before he died, and being obliged to leave Clarissa, he endeavoured to engage her to promise not to attempt her escape during his absence; but no arguments could engage her voluntarily to give a sanction to the imprisonment of her person, and she insisting on being carried back to Hampstead, he at last consented to carry her thither the next morning, though he was to set out at four o'clock for his uncle's seat.

But this night, prompted by the woman of the house, Lovelace resolved to terrify the friendless Clarissa into compliance with his wishes. The lady had hardly got into her chamber when he pretended to find the promissory note she had given to Dorcas, and instantly ringing the bell with the greatest violence, the whole house be-

came in an uproar, and his servant came running, on which he called to him in a rage, Bid that toad Dorcas come hither. Immediately she came in sight, when drawing his sword, and crying, Curs'd, confounded, villainous; bribery and corruption! She ran up to her lady's door, screaming out for safety and protection; up ran two or three of the sisterhood, crying, What's the matter! What's the matter! Still Clarissa opened not the door; but on the contrary drew another bolt. This abominable Dorcas! he exclaimed, call her aunt up! Let her see what a traitorefs she has placed about me!—And let her bring the toad to answer for herself: she has taken a bribe, a provision for life to betray her trust, by that means to perpetuate a quarrel between a man and his wife, and frustrate for ever all hopes of reconciliation between us! up came the aunt puffing and blowing; crying, As she hoped for mercy she was not privy to it. Well might servants be at the pass they were, when such ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conscience of corrupting them; for her part, she desired no mercy for her. But what was the proof? It was but too evident. Curses proceeded from every mouth; and the vileness of the corrupted, and the unworthiness of the corruptress, were inveighed against. Up they all went, passing the lady's door into the dining-room, each stamping on her heels, and raving, Bring up the creature before us all this instant. Up Dorcas was brought, whimpering, between two; both bawling out—You must go!—You shall go!—'Tis fit you should answer for yourself!—You are a discredit to all worthy servants. She whining, I cannot look so good and generous a gentle-

man in the face! Come up, cried Lovelace, it is the detection, not the crime that confounds you. Tell me, ingrateful devil, tell me, who made the first advances. Ay, disgrace to my family and blood! cried Sinclair, tell his honour! tell the truth; who made the first advance? I have betrayed one trust already! said Dorcas,---O let me not betray another! My lady is a good lady! O let not her suffer! suppose, Sir, said Sally, you have my lady and the wench face to face? You see she cares not to confess. O my careless! cried Dorcas,---don't let my poor lady suffer! indeed if all you knew what I know, you would say, her ladyship has been cruelly treated.---See! see! see! cried every one at once. Only sorry for the detection, not the fault. Your lady won't, she dare not come out to save you, cry'd Sally, though it is more his honour's mercy, than your desert, if he does not cut your vile throat this instant. Say, was it your lady that made the first advances, or was it you, creature?---If the lady has so much honour, bawled the old wretch, as we have supposed, she will appear to vindicate a poor servant, misled, as she has been; by such large promises! But I hope, Sir, you will do them both justice; I hope you will! Good lack! clapping her hands; to grant her every thing she could ask; to indulge her in her unworthy hatred to my poor innocent house---O Sir,---I hope, ---if your lady will not come out---I hope you will find a way to hear this cause in her presence. I value not my doors on such an occasion as this. Justice I ever loved. I desire you will come at the bottom of it. I'll be sworn I had no privity in this black corruption.

Just then they heard the lady's door unlock and unbolt. Will was placed below to prevent her escape, the doors were double-secured, and every shutter to the windows round the house fastened, that no noise or screaming might be heard. Such was the brutal preparation. Confiding in her own innocence, she entered the room, with a majesty in her person and manner that was natural to her, but which then shone out in all its glory. Every tongue was silent, every eye awed. She was silent too, looking round her. Such was the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment! a mouse might have been heard passing over the floor, her own light feet and rustling silks could not have prevented it, for she seemed to tread the air, and to be all soul. She passed to the door, and back towards Lovelace two or three times, before her speech could get the better of her indignation: at last, recovering her voice, O thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace, she cried, thinkest thou that I see not through this poor villainous plot of thine, and of these thy wicked accomplices? thou, woman, looking at the bawd, once my horror! always my dislike! but now my detestation! shouldst once more (for thine, perhaps, was the preparation) have provided for me intoxicating potions, to rob me of my senses. And then turning again to Lovelace, Thou, wretch, mightest more securely have depended upon such a low contrivance as this! and yet, vile woman, who perhaps have been the ruin, body and soul, of hundreds of innocents, know, that I am not married---ruined, as I am, by your assistance, I bless God, I am not married to this miscreant: and I have friends that will demand my honour at your

hands!--and to whose authority I will apply, for none has this man over me. Look to it then, what further insults you offer me, or incite him to offer me. I am a person, though thus vilely betrayed, of rank and fortune. I never will be his; and to your utter ruin will find friends to pursue you; and now I have this full proof your detestable wickedness, and have heard your base incitements, will have no mercy upon you.

At this speech, struck by their consciences, every one of the women trembled. What a dejection must ever fall to the lot of guilt, was innocence always capable of thus exerting itself! as for thee, thou vile Dorcas! she added, Thou double deceiver! whining-out thy pretended love for me! Begone, wretch! no body will hurt thee! Begone, I say---thou hast too well acted thy part to be blamed by any here but myself---Thou art safe. Thy guilt is thy security in such a house as this! Steal away into darkness! No inquiry after this will be made, whose were the first advances, thine or mine. At this, the wench confounded and affrighted, slunk away, as did Mabel, another of the women who had been set over her as her centinel, though Lovelace called her back, but nothing was able to stop her.

Lovelace was vexed and ashamed, and with a fierce aspect then advanced towards Clarissa. But turning to him; Stop where thou art, O vilest and most abandoned of men! cried she; stop where thou art! nor, with that determined face offer to touch me, if thou wouldst not that I should be a corpse at thy feet! to his astonishment she then held forth a pen-knife in her hand with the point to her own bosom, resolutely grasping the whole

handle, so that there was no offering to take it from her. I offer no mischief, said she, to any. You, Sir, and ye women, are safe from every violence of mine. The law shall be all my resource; the law, that to such people carries natural terror with it. The law only shall be my refuge.

This struck a panick into them, and the infamous Sinclair whispered Lovelace, that it were better to come to terms with that strange lady, and to let her go. Sally, notwithstanding all her impudent bravery at other times, said, If Mr. Lovelace had told them what was not true, of her being his wife. And Polly Horton, That she must needs say, that the lady, if she were not his wife, had been very much injured. That is not now a matter to be disputed, cried Lovelace. You and I know, madam.—We do so, said she; and I thank God, I am not thine;—once more, I thank God for it! I have no doubt of the further baseness that thou hadst intended me by this vile and low trick: but I have my senses, Lovelace; and from my heart I despise thee, thou very poor Lovelace! How canst thou stand in my presence: thou, that—Madam, madam, madam, cries Lovelace; these are insults not to be borne. And was approaching her. She withdrew to the door, and set her back against it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving bosom, while the women held him, beseeching him, for their house sake, not to provoke the violent lady. Approach me, Lovelace, if thou wilt, said she. I dare die. It is in defence of my honour. God will be merciful to my poor soul. I expect no mer-

cy from thee! I have gained this distance, and two steps nearer me, and thou shalt see what I dare do! Leave me, woman, to myself, and to my angel, said Lovelace. They retired at a distance, and he proceeded, O my beloved creature, how you terrify me! (holding out his arms, and kneeling on one knee) I am a villain! the blackest of villains! say you will sheathe your knife in the injurer's, not the injured's heart; and then I will indeed approach you, but not else. He then moved a little forward; and dost thou, dost thou, still disclaiming, still advancing (cried she, with her hands extended) dost thou, dost thou, still insidiously move towards me? I dare,—I dare—not rashly neither.—My heart, from principle, abhors the act which thou makest necessary! God, in thy mercy! lifting up her eyes and hands—God, in thy mercy!—Lovelace threw himself to the further end of the room, a silent ejaculation that moment employing her thoughts. She cast her eyes towards him, and saw him at the utmost distance the room would allow; when her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before; turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpose, and lifting up her eyes—Thank God!—thank God! said she; delivered for the present: for the present delivered from myself.—Keep, sir, keep that distance; that distance has saved a life; to what reserved, the Almighty only knows!—To be happy, madam, said he, and to make happy!—and O let me but hope for your favour, for to-morrow—I will put off my journey till then.—And may God—Swear not, sir, cried she, with an awful and piercing look; you have too to

often sworn! God's eye is upon us! his more immediate eye,—and looked wildly.—But the women looked up to the cieling, and trembled, as if afraid of God's eye; and well they might. If not to-morrow, madam, cried he, say but next Thursday, your uncle's birth-day; say but next Thursday! This I say, she replied, and of this you may assure yourself, I never, never will be yours. And let me hope, that I may be intitled to the performance of your promise, to permit me to leave this innocent house, as one called it (but long have my ears been accustomed to such inversions of words) as soon as the day breaks. Did my perdition depend upon it, madam, returned he, you cannot, but upon terms. And I hope you will not terrify me. Nothing less, said she, than an attempt upon my honour shall make me desperate. I have no views, but to defend my honour; with such a view only I entered into treaty with your infamous agent below. The resolution you have seen, I trust, God will give me again upon the same occasion. But for a less, I wish not for it. Only take notice, women, that I am no wife of this man: basely as he has used me, I am not his wife. He has no authority over me. If he go away by-and-by, and you act by his authority to detain me, look to it. Then taking one of the lights, she turned from them, and went away, not a soul living able to molest her. Trembling, and in a hurry, she pulled a key out of her pocket, unlocked her chamber-door, and instantly locked herself in, while Lovelace and the women stood stupidly gazing at each other.

Lovelace set out early for M. Hall, from whence he sent several letters to Clarissa, apologizing for the poor figure he made in the last interview, and beseeching her to render him happy the next Thursday. Four of these letters were sent by special messengers, who constantly returned without being able to obtain an answer: he now wrote to Mr. Belford, one of his companions, and to the pretended captain Tomlinson, to pay her a visit, in order to prevail upon her to give her consent. While Lovelace was taking these measures, Clarissa's thoughts were employed in contriving the means of her escape; and having given Mabella, a servant in the family, a brown lutestring gown, she took the opportunity, while the mantua-maker was trying it on in another room, to slip over her own that the girl had pulled off, and putting on the wench's hood, short cloak, and ordinary apron, passed out of the house without being observed.

Clarissa was no sooner gone, than the house was in the greatest confusion, and all the endeavours made use of to find her proved ineffectual. She had taken lodgings at Mr. Smith's, a glover in King-street, Covent-garden, where she had two rooms on the first floor, and while she was praising God for her happy escape, Lovelace was raving, cursing, and sending orders for her being sought for in all the villages about London.

Clarissa immediately wrote to her friend Miss Howe, to inform her of her escape, and the loss of her honour; and also to the Lady Betty Lawrence and Miss Montague, desiring to know whether they had wrote to Lovelace to blame him for his not informing them of his

marriage, and whether they went to Hampstead, and brought her in a coach and four to town. These ladies informed her in their answer, that they had wrote no letters, and had not been at Hampstead for many years, and at the same time expressed their earnest desire to see her happily married to Lovelace, since on this event they founded all their hopes of his reformation: but Clarissa informed them in her reply, of the villanies, forgeries and perjuries of which he had been guilty; of his getting two women richly dressed to personate them, who carried her to a vile house from which she had before escaped, where she was first robbed of her senses, and then of her honour, and concluded with observing that nothing should ever induce her to consent to marry so vile, so treacherous and profligate a man.

The letter Clarissa had sent to Miss Howe fell into the hands of that young lady's mother, who returned a very severe answer, which Clarissa received at a time when her mind was sinking under the distressing thoughts of the cruelty of relations whom she had never ceased to love, and the dreadful reflection of a father's curse; and this giving a turn to her thoughts helped to remove her despondency.

At last, however, she received a letter from Miss Howe, but such a letter as aggravated her distress, and made her imagine she had lost her only friend. That lady reflected upon her, for having voluntarily returned to the wicked Sinclair's, after she had informed her, in two letters, of the infamous character of her house, and that captain Tomlinson was an impostor; mentioned her

receiving the last in a disordered manner, lying on a couch, with a face red and bloated; and told her, that she had sent a person, who went with a sufficient guard, to Mrs. Moore's to take her into her protection.

Clarissa was both grieved and surprized at the contents of this letter, and in her reply vindicated her own conduct from the charge of imprudence, sending back the long letter that had been forged by Lovelace, and which was only an abstract of that sent by her friend; and then writing to Hampstead, she was informed of Mrs. Bevis's personating her by Lovelace's desire, in order to obtain Miss Howe's second letter.

Miss Howe was greatly surprized at seeing so exact an imitation of her hand, and instantly acquitting her valued friend, wrote to inform her of this base forgery, inclosing the rough draught of the long letter she ought to have received, as well as the substance of that given Mrs. Bevis. Her resentment was now levelled against Lovelace alone, and both she and her mother joined in persuading her to prosecute the abandoned villain; but all their arguments on this head proved ineffectual.

While Clarissa was thus daily discovering fresh instances of Lovelace's baseness, the Lady Betty Lawrence and Miss Montague went to Lord M's, and in that nobleman's presence read to Lovelace the letters they had received from the injured Clarissa; reproaching him for his villany. He heard their accusations with temper, reproached himself for his baseness, and talked of such high terms of the perfections of the lady, and his earnest desire to make her all the satisfaction in his power,

that they at last resolved to use all their influence to engage her to forgive him; and Miss Montague and her sister Lady Sadlair actually went in Lord M's coach and six to pay Miss Howe a visit, in order to desire her interest to engage the unhappy Clarissa to put herself into the protection of Lady Betty Lawrence, who promised not to part with her, till she saw all the justice done her that she could now receive.

Miss Howe was prevailed upon by their reasons, she pressed her dear friend to marry him, and shewed that this was the only means by which she could be now happy.

The letter which contained these particulars she sent by the post, desiring an immediate answer: but no answer she received. She wrote again to chide her for keeping her in suspense, and sent it by a messenger who travailed all night, and who carried it to Mr. Smith's; but there found, that she had been missing several days; that she went out about six in the morning to prayers at Covent-garden church very poorly in health, and had not been heard of since. Miss Howe's messenger returned post-haste to communicate this dreadful intelligence. The young lady was almost distracted at the news, and in the bitterness of her soul instantly sent a special messenger to Miss Montague, with a very affecting letter to demand her friend.

Dorcas had seen Clarissa go out of Mr. Smith's, and walk to Covent-garden church in order to hear morning prayers, and having caused Lovelace's man to watch her, had her arrested at her going out of the church for 150l.

which it was pretended was due for board and lodging; and this, notwithstanding all her cloaths and effects, except those she had with her when she went away, were in Sinclair's house. Clarissa was terrified, trembled, and turned pale on being stopped by the officers, who whispered her, that they had a writ against her, and that she must go with them, desiring her to step into a chair which stood with the head up to receive her. She for some time expostulated with the officers in order to know what they meant; but at last, seeing Lovelace's servant, she called out for help. A croud instantly gathered about her, and while some were struck with compassion at seeing a fine young creature in such distress, others threw out vile and shocking reflections: a gentleman now interposed, and asking to see the fellow's authority, and desiring to know if her name was Clarissa Harlowe, and being answered that it was, told her she must go with them, and, expressing his pity, retired. Another gentleman enquiring if nobody could be applied to, who would see that she was not ill used; the villain who belonged to Lovelace answered, that orders were particularly given for that; she had rich relations, and need but ask and have. She would only be carried to the officer's house, till matters could be made up. The people she lodged with loved her, but she had left her lodgings privately. Well, if I must go, I must! cried she, I cannot resist—but I will not be carried to the woman's!—I will rather die at your feet than be carried to the woman's! They told her she should not be carried there. When looking about her, and observing

the crowd, she started and cried, Any where—any where, but to the woman's; and stepping into the chair, threw herself on the seat, in the utmost distress and confusion, crying, Carry me, carry me out of sight—cover me—cover me up—for ever!

She was carried to the officer's house in a mean court in High Holborn, but on her being taken out of the chair, she fainted away. Sally, one of Mrs. Sinclair's nieces, was there, and as a favour, offered to have her carried to her former lodgings, but this she absolutely refused. In the several visits paid her by the vile women of Sinclair's house, they offered to bail her; and by their persuasions to go with them to Mrs. Sinclair's, with taunting speeches, they wrung her soul, and in the base pride of their hearts triumphed over her.

The unhappy Clarissa was no sooner put under an arrest, than the vile Sinclair dispatched a man and horse to Lovelace with the joyful news. The messenger was made to hope for a considerable reward; and as Lovelace on his arrival was taking a short tour for two or three days with Lord M. and his two nieces, he staid till his return: but then, instead of thanks, received nothing but curses. Lovelace, who now thought he could not be happy without her, and finding it impossible to bring her to be his mistress, was, at last, sincerely resolved to make her all the reparation in his power, by making her his wife, was ashamed of the low-villainy of this proceeding, of which he was intirely innocent, and distracted with rage, instantly wrote to Mr. Belford, his most intimate friend, and sending a messenger, who

was to ride as for life and death, desired him to hasten to Clarissa, to clear him of having any share in the low contrivance: to set her free without conditions, to assure her, that wherever she went, he would not molest her; or come near her without her leave; and to let her have all her cloaths and effects sent her, as a proof of his sincerity.

Mr. Belford, who had been an advocate for Clarissa, and had frequently endeavoured to persuade his friend to do justice to her merit, was then at Edgware, expecting several friends to dine with him, whom he had invited several days before; but sending apologies to them, he instantly speeded to the wicked woman's, and finding her not there, posted to the officer's, but could not for that night obtain the sight of her, for it was Sunday, and she was resolved to have the remainder of the day to herself; he therefore enquired into all the particulars of the affair, and into the behaviour of this admirable lady, who was extremely ill.

- The next morning, being introduced by the officer's wife into the room, without asking Clarissa's consent, he was shocked at seeing the dreadful place she was in, and the wretched furniture with which she was accommodated. He found her kneeling in a corner of the room, near a dismal broken window secured with iron bars, her arms crossed upon a table, and the forefinger of her right-hand in a bible. Her dress was white damask, exceeding neat. Her head-dress was a little discomposed, her charming hair hanging in natural ringlets but a little tangled, shaded one side her neck, as her

rumpled handkerchief did the other; and her face yet lovely, in spite of all her griefs and sufferings, was reclined upon her crossed arms.

When Mr. Belford surveyed the room around, and the kneeling lady, sunk with majesty, in her white flowing dress, which spread the dark floor, her linen beyond imagination white, considering that she had not been undressed since she had been there, he thought his concern would have choaked him, and stammering out a curse at the officer and his wife, asked, Is this an apartment for such a lady? In their excuse, they replied, That they would have had her accept of their own bed-chamber, but she refused it; and that they were poor people. The charming sufferer then raised her lovely face, overspread with the most significant woe, and waving her hand towards the door, as if commanding him to withdraw, he begged for the favour of her ear for one moment: but this she absolutely refused. Mr. Belford did not dare to approach her, but on his knees besought her to permit him to release her from that wretched house, and out of the power of the vile woman who was the occasion of her being there; when once more lifting up her face, she asked, Are you not Mr. Belford, sir? I think your name is Belford. It is, madam, he replied, and I ever was a worshipper of your virtues, and an advocate for you; and I come to release you from the hands you are in. And into whose to place me? cried she. Leave me, leave me! let me never rise from this spot! let me never, never more believe in man! This moment, dearest lady, said he, this very

moment, if you please, you may depart whithersoever you think fit; you are absolutely free and your own mistress. I had now, returned she, as live die in this place as any where: and will owe no obligation to any friend of him in whose company you have seen me. So pray, sir, withdraw. Then turning to the officer, she told him that she was better reconciled to his house than at first, and that if he could but engage that no body should come near her but his wife; no man, and neither of those women who had sported with her calamities; she would die with him, and they should be well satisfied for the trouble they had with her. And then turning to Mr. Belford, she again conjured him to withdraw, repeating that she would owe no obligation to the friend of her destroyer, and offering to rise, she sunk down through weakness into a fainting fit.

Mr. Belford and the officer then withdrew, and left her to the care of the woman of the house and her maid; and afterwards on her recovery, being told that she was so weak and low that she could hardly speak, the gentleman took this opportunity to go to her lodgings, in order to fetch Mrs. Smith, but she being from home, he told her husband what had happened; owing, as he said, to a mistake of orders. And finding that two letters had been left for Clarissa, he hastened back with them in a chair.

On his return to the officer's he found that an apothecary, who had been sent for, was just gone up; and the officer's wife being above with him, Mr. Belford made the less scruple of going up too. The lady was sitting on the side of a broken couch, and did not care

to speak to the apothecary, who made a very shocking appearance. Clarissa, at seeing Mr. Belford seemed offended, and said, that it was not the least of her present misfortunes, that she could not be left to her own sex. He besought her excuse, and winking to the apothecary to withdraw, told her, that he had been at her new lodgings to order every thing to be got ready for her reception, presuming that she would go thither; that Mr. Smith and his wife had been full of apprehensions for her safety; and that he had brought two letters which were left there for her. Those, she said, were from the only friend she had in the world, and kissing them and looking at the seals, she put them in her bosom. He again besought her to think of quitting that wretched hole, and gave her the solemnest assurances, that she should not be invaded in her new lodgings by any body; and that he would particularly engage his honour, that the person who had most offended her should not come near her, without her own consent. Your honour, Sir! said she; are you not that man's friend? I am not a friend, Madam, returned he, to his vile actions to the most excellent of women. Do you flatter me, Sir? said she: O Sir, your friend, your barbarous friend, what has he not to answer for! her heart was too full to proceed, and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled through her fingers. He then asserted Lovelace's innocence of this last outrage, and assured her that he was resolved not to molest her: beseeching her to give him directions about sending all her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings. Clarissa then instantly gave him

her keys, asking if Mrs. Smith might not attend her, and she would give her farther directions. To this he cheerfully assented, and she then consented to accept of the chair he offered her.

Mr. Belford then withdrew, and as Clarissa had made no complaint of her treatment, took that opportunity to make a small present to the jailer and his maid, and sending for the apothecary, paid him beyond his hopes. Mean while Clarissa giving the maid half a guinea, which was all the gold she had, told the officer's wife she would take a speedy opportunity to acknowledge their civilities, and to satisfy the apothecary, who might send her his bill to her lodgings, and then supported by the officer's wife, she with trembling limbs got down stairs. Mr. Belford then offered her his arm, and leaning upon it she was conducted to the chair.

As she had not been undressed since she left her lodgings, she instantly, on her arrival at Mrs. Smith's, went to bed, and Mr. Belford soon after took Mrs. Smith with him to the vile Sinclair's, and saw every thing put into the trunks and boxes that were first brought in, and had them carried away in two coaches, though it was with some difficulty he prevented the women of that infamous house sharing in the poor lady's cloaths, which were extremely valuable. Clarissa's first employment was now to acquaint her dear Miss Howe with the shock she had suffered by being arrested in the open street, and carried to prison: but this she observed was nothing to what she had before endured from the vile Lovelace.

The next day she was so ill, that the people of the

house provided for her a very good nurse, and she had besides the voluntary attendance of the widow Lovick, a decayed gentlewoman of great piety, who lodged over her apartment, and of whom Clarissa grew very fond, as she found something in her resembling the qualities of the worthy Mrs. Norton, a clergyman's widow, who had been her nurse, and from whom she received the first principles of her education. In the evening an apothecary of skill and eminence was called in, and in few days after she was prevailed upon to consent to be visited by doctor H. a physician recommended by Mr. Belford, and as eminent for his humanity and affectionate behaviour, as for his skill in his profession.

Mr. Belford, on the first visit he was permitted to pay her at Mrs. Smith's, effectually vindicated Lovelace from having any hand in the shameful arrest; but she would by no means permit him to use any arguments to engage her to consent to be his, or even to see him. However, the whole of Mr. Belford's conduct was so unexceptionable, and the service he had done her so singular, that she could not refuse to permit his visits; and her conversation had such an effect upon his mind, as made him detest himself for his former vices, and resolve for the future to regulate his desires and pursuits by the unerring standard of virtue and religion. Clarissa had suffered more than her tender frame could bear; she gradually declined, and her illness daily increased, notwithstanding the care of her physician, who rightly judging that her disorder was situated in her mind, prescribed only cordials and a nourishing diet. In this dreadful situation, deprived of the assistance and com-

fort of her relations; she found consolation in the tenderness of good Mrs. Lovick, and Mrs. Smith, which she called maternal; and in the affectionate visits of both her doctor and apothecary, who being in years, and having children of their own growing up to years of maturity, shewed an affection for which she was pleased to call paternal. Already prepared for death, which made its gradual approaches, she conquered her resentments, and offered up some of her petitions for him who had been the cause of all her sufferings; and as she had constantly preserved a tender affection for her relations, and would never suffer them to be charged with cruelty in her hearing for their treatment of her, she now wrote a very affecting letter to her sister Arabella, to prevail on her to intercede for her with her father, to revoke that heavy part of the curse he had laid upon her, which related to hereafter. To this she received a very cruel answer; and after the bitterest reproaches, her sister told her, that her father withdrew the curse he had laid upon her, so far as it was in his power to do it, and hoped that her present punishment would be all she would meet with: but he would never own nor forgive her; and grieved that he had such a daughter in the world. The unjust reproaches in every line of this letter, she received without repining; and though her nearest relations seemed to take a pleasure in increasing her distress, she resolved to write again to her sister to inform them, that she was drawing near the close of life, and to beg that one or both of her parents would send her their last blessing; but to this request, reasonable as it was, she received an

absolute denial, expressed in the most barbarous terms, and mingled with the sharpest reproaches. Thus treated by an obdurate sister, she wrote on her knees a most tender and affecting letter to the same purpose to her dear mamma; and after that to each of her uncles; but all was in vain; that lady, who would gladly have received her to her bosom, was over-ruled, and the kindly blessing denied.

While Clarissa was thus rejected by those for whom she felt the most dotiful affections, Miss Montague, in the name of lord M. and the ladies of her family, warmly solicited her to forgive the author of her ruin, and to permit him to make her all the reparation in his power; but the arguments she made use of to justify her refusal, shewed the impossibility that this event should ever take place; they therefore acquiesced, and resolving to give a noble proof of their unanimous regard for so excellent a lady, not only forbid Lovelace's appearing in any of their apartments, but wrote to inform her, that as she laboured under the unhappy effects of her friends displeasure, which might subject her to inconveniences, his lordship, lady Sarah, and lady Betty, begged her to accept, for life, or at least till she was admitted to the enjoyment of her estate, of an hundred guineas *per* quarter, to be regularly brought her by an especial hand, and of a bank bill which was inclosed for a beginning. Generous as this proposal was, Clarissa could not accept it; though she had been reduced, ever since the cruel arrest, to the necessity of selling her cloaths for an immediate support, and to pay the doctor's fees, which she would

never suffer him to refuse. She therefore wrote to return them her grateful acknowledgements, and to assure them that she could not possibly want the favours they kindly offered her.

The warmth with which Mr. Belford interested himself in the distress of the unhappy Clarissa, which prompted him frequently to enquire after her health; the humanity of his behaviour on these occasions, and the obligations he had conferred upon her in delivering her from a wretched confinement, in staking his honour that she should not be molested by Lovelace, and in recommending a physician whom she highly valued, had such an effect on Clarissa's mind, that taking advantage of his repeated offers to serve her, and knowing that Lovelace had communicated to him a full account of his behaviour to her, she desired him, for her private satisfaction, to give her an abstract of his letters, in relation to the pretended fire, and what afterwards passed at Hampstead; promising that no use should be made of this communication, either to his disadvantage, or to that of his friend. Mr. Belford readily complied with this request; when finding that Lovelace had done her justice, she, to Mr. Belford's astonishment, desired that when she was dead, he would be the protector of her honour, and her executor: urging, that it would do credit to her memory with all those who should know that she was so well satisfied of her innocence, that not having time to write her own story, she could intrust it to the relation which the destroyer of her fame and fortunes had given of it. That thus she should be freed

from the pain of recollecting things that her soul was vexed at; and that at a time when its tumults should be allayed, in order to make away for the most important preparation. Mr. Belford, in his answer, observed, that he hoped she would live to see many happy years, and to be her own executrix in those points which her heart was most set upon. But in case of survivorship, he most cheerfully accepted of the sacred office she was pleased to offer him.

Meanwhile Clarissa's relations being willing to know whether she was really so ill as she pretended, and what was her manner of life, commissioned an officious pragmatical young fellow, who had lately left the college, and had taken orders, to make the necessary enquiries; and the result was, that though she was very ill she was visited by one of Mr. Lovelaces's intimate friends, that she often went out in a chair, as it was said, to prayers; but that he was told by his friend's wife, that nothing is more common in London than to make the hearing of morning prayers a pretence and cover for private afflictions. This news he learnt from two women, a milliner and a mantua-maker, who lived opposite to Mr. Smith's; and having collected this conjectural scandal, without fact, or the appearance of fact to support it, sent it down to her relations; and such was the spirit by which they were governed, that they ran away with the worst it insinuated, and her sister Arabella was commissioned to write to Clarissa to propose her taking a voyage to one of the colonies, as the only way to avoid Mr. Belford and Lovelace.

Colonel Morden, Clarissa's cousin, and the trustee for her grandfather's estate, arrived about this time, and was received by the family with great marks of respect: but he soon made them ashamed of having given credit to the vile slanders of the pedant Brand; and having a very sincere affection for Clarissa, whom he had not seen since she was twelve years of age, he resolved to take his own measures; to oblige Lovelace to marry her, and to put her in possession of her grandfather's estate. For this purpose he rode to M. Hall, and had a very warm contest with Lord M. and Lovelace, when after several sallies of passion they became more composed, and Lovelace doing justice to the merit of Clarissa, and freely censuring his own conduct, while he concealed the blackest instance of his villainy, and at the same time professing his earnest desire to make her all the reparation in his power by marrying her, as soon as she would permit him that honour, they came to a good understanding; on which Mr. Lovelace shewed the Colonel several of the letters that had passed between them, and told him of the noble offers made by the Lord M. and the ladies of his family, even after the lovely Clarissa had entirely rejected him. Colonel Morden was charmed with this instance of generosity, and took his leave perfectly satisfied with Lovelace.

He now wrote a very affectionate letter to Clarissa, in order to persuade her to accept of Lovelace, to comfort her under her illness, to inform her he would be her constant friend, and was then making use of all his endeavours to procure a happy reconciliation between

her and her relations, which he should no sooner have effected, than he himself would bring her the joyful news.

Col. Morden now firmly persuaded of the innocence of his niece, sent a person of discretion to enquire into the manner in which she was supported, and, to his great amazement, found that she was reduced to the necessity of selling her cloaths, that she was very ill, and that her piety and resignation rendered her the admiration of all who were admitted to converse with her. He then paid a visit to Miss Howe, who shewed him several of Clarissa's letters, by which it appeared, that she was extremely ill, and one in particular, in which, in a very affectionate manner, she described her weakness, and her being obliged to leave off several times to prevent her fainting.

These passages the Colonel transcribed; and having the next day procured a general meeting with all the family, renewed his solicitations in Clarissa's favour; set before them her penitence, ill health and virtue, read a very contrite letter wrote by Lovelace to Clarissa, and her high-soul'd answer; and then informing them of his visit to Miss Howe, read some of the passages he had transcribed from Clarissa's letters to that lady; particularly one in which she asked, What can be done for her now, were her friends to be ever so favourable? and wished for their sakes, more than for her own, that they would still relent; and then complained that she was very ill, and must drop her pen. At this Mrs. Harlowe weeping, and clasping her hands, cried, O my child!

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my child! Every one else seemed affected except her brother, who addressing himself to his mother, cried, Dear Madam, be so good as to think you have more children than this ungrateful one. Mr. Morden was at length permitted to proceed with his extracts, and again moved every one to pity the poor Clarissa: when her brother went round to each, and again reminded his mother that she had other children, and asked, What was there in what was read, but the result of his sister's talent at moving the passions? his mother talked of going to town to see and comfort her poor daughter, and of taking Mrs. Norton with her, and Col. Morden offered his service to escort her; but this was also over-ruled by the cruel imperious brother, who rendered all Col. Morden's endeavours to bring them to restore the unhappy Clarissa to their favour, ineffectual. The Colonel exclaimed against his inhumanity, high words arose between them, and to such a height were their resentments carried, every one siding with the brother, that the Colonel, with hands and eyes lift up, cried, What hearts of flint am I related to!—O cousin Harlowe, are you resolved to have but one daughter? Are you, Madam, to be taught by a son who has no bowels, to forget that you are a mother? I will never open my lips to any of you more upon this subject. I will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother, she has lost. And saying this, he hurried out of the room, and calling for his horse, rode away, notwithstanding all their endeavours to detain him.

While Mr. Morden was thus employed, Clarissa was

busied in taking such measures as would render the office of her executor as little troublesome as possible. She had not only familiarized herself to the view of death; but longed for its approach, and every preparation for it was attended with pleasure. She took a chair and went to an undertaker's in Fleet-street, where she bespoke her coffin, and with the greatest composure gave directions about some emblems which she had drawn out with her own hand, and chose to have placed on the lid.

A few days after this Mr. Belford paid her a visit, but was hardly seated when he was startled with hearing a rumbling noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk was bringing up between two people. Clarissa blushed, and desiring him not to be surprised, said that they were bringing her something two hours before the time: instantly came in Mrs. Smith, crying, O, Madam, what have you done? Mrs. Lovick entered with the same exclamation, and Mr. Belford stepping at that instant to the door, the women, to his great surprize, told him it was a coffin. With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, she directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, and returned, saying, Pray excuse me, Mr. Belford; and don't you, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, be concerned. There is nothing more in it than the unusualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to the church, where are the Monuments of our ancestors, with whose dust we even hope our dust will one day be mingled, as to be moved at such a sight as this?

They all remaining silent, the women having their

aprons to their eyes: Why this concern? she resumed. If I am to be blamed, it is for shewing too much solicitude, as it may be thought, for this earthly part. I love to do every thing for myself that I can: and I have no mother, no sister; no Mrs. Norton, no Miss Howe near me. And what is the difference of a few days to you, when I am gratified, rather than discomposed by it?—My dear friends, added she, to the women, I have considered these things; do not give me reason to think you have not, with such an object before you as I have been for some weeks. They were all still silent, the women in grief, and Mr. Belford, in a manner stunned. She then asked the women to walk in and look upon it, and Mr. Belford took his leave, telling her she had done wrong, very wrong, and ought not by any means to have such an object before her.

The coffin was covered with fine black cloth, and lined with white sattin, and the burial dress was brought in with it. Mrs. Lovick took the liberty to blame her; and wished the removal of such an object, at least from her bed-chamber: but to this Clarissa replied, To persons in health, this sight may be shocking; and the preparation, and my unconcernedness in it, may appear affected: but to me, who have had so gradual a weaning-time from the world, and so much reason not to love it, I must say, I dwell on, I indulge, and, strictly speaking, I enjoy the thoughts of death. For believe me, continued she, looking stedfastly at the awful receptacle, there is such a vast superiority of weight and importance in the thought of death, and its hoped-

for happy consequences, that it in a manner annihilates all other considerations and concerns. Believe me, my good friends, it does what nothing else can do; it teaches me, by strengthening in me the force of the divinest example, to forgive the injuries I have received; and shuts out the remembrance of past evils from my soul.

Clarissa continued serene and calm; but was now contented with her closet duties, and the visits of the parish minister, and would no more attempt to go out; her weakness, however, daily increased, and her sight began to fail her; but all her noble intellects were lively and strong. She gave Mr. Belford, in the presence of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, a particular account of what she would have done immediately after her decease, shewed him where she had deposited her will, where her letters and copies of letters, and where the keys of her apparel; and then, as she should never want any of these things more, caused him to seal up all in her presence, with his own seal: and this was done in so composed and cheerful a manner, as equally surprized and affected them. Then rubbing her eyes, which she said were misty, and looking intently upon each: God-bless you all, said she! how kindly are you concerned for me! Who says I am friendless? Who says I am abandoned and among strangers?—Good Mr. Belford, don't be so generously humane! indeed, adeed she, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, you will make me less happy than I am sure you wish me to be.

Mr. Belford on his retiring wrote to Col. Morden, that if he expected to see his beloved cousin alive, he

must lose no time in setting out; and the same morning Dr. H. wrote to her father, to let him know, that he had yet an opportunity to save himself and family great future regret, by dispatching one of it to her, with his and his lady's last blessing, to the most excellent of her sex; and having given the highest encomiums on her conduct, which he observed was that in which a dying saint might glory, he observed, that whatever was done, must be speedily done, for he did not think she could live above a week; and how long of that time she might enjoy her admirable intellects, to take comfort in the favours he might think proper to confer upon her, could not be said.

Lovelace, to whom Mr. Belford communicated, by letter, every particular as it passed, was now stung by the reproaches of his own conscience. Sick of himself; sick of the remembrance of his vile plots, that had brought upon him such heavy, such durable remorse; Villainous burgler, felon, thief, that I was, cried he, what a dog, what a devil have I been to such superlative goodness! Marry and repair at any time: this, wretch that I was! was my plea to myself. To give her a lowering sensibility; to bring her down from among the stars with which her beamy head was surrounded, that my wife, so greatly above me, might not despise me.—This was part of my reptile envy.—Yet from step to step, from distress to distress, to maintain her superiority; and, like the sun, to break out upon me with the greater refulgence, for the clouds I had contrived to cast about her.—And now to escape me thus!—No power left me to repair her wrongs!—No alleviation to my self-re-

proach! Could her life be but now preserved, and I re-obtain her favour, then indeed would life be life to me.— The world never saw such a husband as I would make. She shall conduct me in all my steps: she shall open and direct my prospects, and turn every motion of my heart as she pleases. Thus did he in unavailing anguish exclaim to Mr. Belford, bidding him tell the doctor, that he would make him a present of a thousand guineas if he recovered her. But desiring him that if she really left the world, he would not bluntly tell him so; but only that he would do well to take a tour to Paris.

Col. Morden no sooner received Mr. Belford's letter, than laying aside all thoughts of procuring a reconciliation, he rode post to London, and alighted at Mr. Smith's where he asked with great impatience, how Miss Harlowe was. Mrs. Smith told him, that she was alive; but, she feared, drawing on apace. Good God! cried he, can I see her? my name is Morden. I have the honour to be nearly related to her. Step up, pray; and if she be sensible, let her know that I am here. Who is with her? She replied, that there was nobody but her nurse and Mrs. Lovick, except Mr. Belford was with her. He then desired to speak with Mr. Belford, and being immediately informed that she was sitting in a sound sleep, the colonel begged that he might see her though sleeping; for his impatience would not let him stay still she awaked, and he would not have her disturbed. Mrs. Smith stepping up before them, desired Mrs. Lovick and the nurse not to stir when they entered. Col. Morden was introduced by Mr. Belford, and found her dressed in white, with

Mrs. Lovick sitting close by her, with her left arm around her neck. One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint but charming flush, the other paler and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands, white as the lily, with her blue meandering veins, so soon, alas! to be choaked up by congelment of the purple stream, hanging lifeless, one before her, the other grasped by the right hand of the kind widow, whose tears bedewed the face which her motherly bosom supported, though unfelt by the fair sleeper. Her countenance was sweetly calm and serene: and though she sometimes started, her sleep seemed easy; her breath indeed was short and quick, but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person.

In this heart-moving attitude she appeared before the Colonel, who sighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the most profound and affectionate attention: till at last, on her starting, and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen which was drawn before her coffin, which stood under the window. This screen was placed there as soon as Clarissa was obliged to take to her chamber, and Mr. Belford had forgot to apprize the Colonel of what he would probably see.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and drowned in grief, seemed unable to speak, but in casting his eyes downwards, he was struck with the shape of the coffin, and lifting up a purplish-coloured cloth that was spread over it, he started back, crying Good God what's here?

While he was blaming Mrs. Smith for suffering his cousin to indulge her sad reflections with such an object, and she vindicating herself, the lady fetched a profound sigh, started, and awaked. She complained that she had slept without being refreshed, and that her fingers' ends seemed numbed. Mr. Belford told her, that her cousin Morden had called there, and would return in half an hour, but he feared to surprize her. Nothing can surprize me now, said she except my mamma was to favour me with her last blessing in person. That would be a welcome surprize to me even yet. But if he comes, what shall I do about that screen? He will chide me probably, and I cannot bear chiding now.

Mr. Belford favoured the Colonel's retreat, and the screen was placed as near the window as possible, that he might not see what was behind it; while he, hearing all she said, was resolved to take no notice of it. He sent in his name, and being immediately admitted, folded the lady in his arms as she sat, dropping down on one knee; supporting herself on the elbows of the chair, she attempted to rise, but could not. Excuse, my dear cousin, said she, excuse me, that I cannot stand up—I did not expect this favour now; but I am glad of this opportunity to thank you for all your generous goodness to me. I never, my best beloved and dearest cousin, said he, with eyes running over, shall forgive myself, that I did not attend you sooner. Little did I think you were so ill; nor do any of your friends believe it. If they did—If they did, repeated she, interrupting him, I should have more compassion from them. I am sure I should. But pray, Sir, how did you leave them?

Are you reconciled to them? If you are not, I beg, if you love your poor Clarissa that you will. For every widened difference augments but my fault, since that is the foundation of all. He then told her, that he had brought her the account of her grandfather's estate, with bills and draughts upon their banker, which they desired her to receive, lest she might have occasion for money; and that this was such an earnest of an approaching reconciliation, that he dared to answer for all the rest. Ah! Sir, interrupted she, with frequent breaks and pauses, I wish, I wish, this does not rather shew, that, were I to live, they would have nothing more to say to me. I never had any pride in being independent; all my actions, when I might have made myself more independent, shew this. She then apologized for having made Mr. Belford her executor, from her not having seen him sooner, and not knowing that he still honoured her with his regard, and besought him not to revenge her on Lovelace. Then complaining that she was very faint and low, and testifying her sorrow that she could not better deserve the honour of that visit, sunk back in her chair, and was silent; upon which the Colonel and Mr. Belford withdrew.

She had before observed, that all would be most conveniently over in bed; the awful, the important moment approached; but aspiring after immortality, she thought the time moved slowly; and, with great presence of mind, gave orders about her body; directing her nurse and the maid of the house to put her into her coffin, as soon as she was cold. The Colonel, after paying her another visit, wrote to her uncle Mr. John Har-

lowe, that they might spare themselves the trouble of debating about a reconciliation, for that their dear cousin would probably be no more before they could resolve.

A day or two after this, Mr. Belford was sent for; at his entrance he found the Colonel kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears, although she had just been comforting him in elevated strains. On the other side of the bed sat the widow Lovick; her face wet with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner, and turning her face to him, as soon as she saw him, O Mr. Belford, cried she, the dear lady!—a heavy sob not permitting her to say more. Mrs. Smith with clasped fingers, and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks. Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended, holding in one hand an ineffectual cordial, which she had been offering to her dying mistress; and tho' used to such scenes as this, her face was swollen with weeping. The maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes and was thought speechless, moving her lips without uttering a word; but when Mrs. Lovick, on Mr. Belford's approach, pronounced his name, O Mr. Belford! said she, in broken periods, and with a faint inward voice, Now!—now!—I bless God, will all soon be over—a few—a

very few moments will end this strife—and I shall be happy! Comfort, Sir,—comfort my cousin—See!—the blameable kindness—he would not wish me to be happy—so soon! Then stopping for two or three minutes, with her looks earnestly fixed on him, My dearest cousin, she resumed, be comforted.—What is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may seem to labour—but that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God, I have had time for that—the rest is worse to beholders, than to me!—I am all blessed hope—hope itself. Here she looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother, to my sister, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—even for their displeasure I bless them—Most happy has been my punishment here!—happy indeed!

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his, and then cried, O death! where is thy sting?—It is good for me that I was afflicted! Then turning to the Colonel and Mr. Belford who were lost in speechless sorrow, O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes—what assurances.—Here she again stopt, and looked upward, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards Mr. Belford—Do you, Sir, tell your friend, that I forgive him! and I pray God forgive him.—Again pausing, and lifting up

her eyes, as if praying that he would—Let him know added she, how happily I die. And such as my own; I wish to be his last hour.

She was again silent for a few moments; and then resuming—My sight fails me!—Your voices only—(for Colonel Morden and Mr. Belford both applauded her christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own) and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr. Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go. Which is Mr. Belford's? added she, holding out the other. He gave her his. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come to this—happy as I am.

She paused again, her breath growing shorter, and, after a few minutes, And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer, added she, drawing it towards her, and pressing it to her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear Sir—and once more receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to see, and tell my worthy Mrs. Norton, she will be one day, I fear not, tho' now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven.—Tell them both, that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments—and pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years, for the sake of their friends, and an heavenly crown hereafter, and such assurances of it as I have.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent, And you Mr. Belford, she resumed, pressing his hand; may God preserve you and make you sensible of all your errors—you see in me, how all ends—may you

be—And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from them her hands. They all thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent torrent of grief. But soon shewing signs of returning life, their attention was again engaged; and when a little recovered, Mr. Belford besought her to complat in his favour her half-pronounced blessing, when waving her hands to him and her cousin, and bowing her head to every one present; not forgetting the nurse and the maidservant, the latter having approached the bed weeping, as if crowding in for the pious lady's last blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly—Bless—bless—bless—you all—And now—and now—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) Come—O come—blessed Lord—Jesus! And with these words, the last but half pronounced, she expired, with such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun.

While warm, though pulseless, the Colonel and Mr. Belford each pressed her hand with their lips, and then retired into the next room: where looking at each other with intent to speak; but as if one motion governed, as one cause affected both, they turned away silent. The Colonel sighed as if his heart would burst; at last lifting up his hands and face, Good heaven! said he, support me! And is it thus, O flower of nature!—must we no more—never more!—My blessed, blessed cousin!—And then, as if recollecting himself, he added, Forgive me, Sir!—O—excuse me Mr. Belford, and hastily passing by him, went down stairs, and left the house, Mr. Bel-

ford, remaining speechless, and without motion like a statue, when at last recovering himself, as well as he was able, he wrote to two of his companions to hasten to Lovelace to prevent his performing some act of desperation, and then sent this short note to the letter.

"I have only to say at present, thou wilt do well to
"take a tour to Paris; or wherever else thy destiny shall
"lead thee!

"JOHN BELFORD."

The day after Clarissa's death three very tender letters were brought for her by a servant in livery, one from Mrs. Norton, one from her sister, and another from her brother, to comfort her and assure her of her father and mother's blessing, which she had earnestly longed for, and which, if they had come in time she would have rejoiced to receive.

The day after this, the good Mrs. Norton was set down at the door, and would have gone up stairs directly; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick being together and in tears, and the former hinting too suddenly the fatal news, she sunk down at her feet; so that they were forced to breathe a vein, to bring her to herself, and a capacity of exclamation; and then she run on in praise of the lady, in lamentations for her, and invectives against Lovelace; but so circumscribed were her invectives, that it was easy to observe in them, the well educated woman and the christian. She was impatient to see the corpse, and the women went with her. With trembling haste she pushed aside the coffin lid, bathed the face with her tears, and kissed her cheeks and

forehead, as if she were living. It was her indeed, she said; Her sweet young lady! Her very self! Nor had death, which changed all things, a power to alter her lovely features! She admired the serenity of her countenance; she had no doubt of her being happy: but how many miserable creatures had she left behind her!—The good woman lamenting that she herself had lived to be one of them. It was with difficulty the women prevailed upon her to quit the corpse; and go with them into the next apartment, when Mr. Belford joined them, and acquainted her with the kind legacy her beloved young lady had left her; but this rather augmented, than diminished her concern. She ought, she said, to have attended her in person. What was the world to her, wringing her hands, now the child of her bosom and of her heart was no more? Her principal consolation, however, was, that she should not long survive her.

Mr. Belford found she had wrote letters to be sent to every one of her family, to Miss Howe and Lovelace, and one to himself, after her decease: these were all wrote in a pious, generous strain, and intended to give comfort rather than distress, her duty, affection and piety appeared in every line. and all of them expressed the exstastic assurance that she should be enjoying eternal felicity, when those letters came to their hands.

Mr. Belford sent one of his servants to carry the posthumous letters to the family and to Miss Howe; and also a letter from the Colonel to acquaint Mr. James Harlowe with his sister's death, and with her desire to be interred near her grandfather. He found all the

family assembled on occasion of the letter the Colonel had before sent to inform them that they might put an end to their consultations, and comforting themselves with the hopes that Mr. Morden had made the worst of her state, in order to quicken their resolutions. But he no sooner let them know the fatal news, than the whole house was in confusion, the servants running different ways, lamenting and wringing their hands, Mrs. Harlowe was in fits, and all was in such disorder, that he could get no commands, nor obtain any notice of himself.

He then proceeded to Mrs. Howe's, and had the precaution to desire to speak with Miss's maid, and communicated to her the fatal tidings, that she might deliver them to her mistress. The maid was herself so affected, that her old lady, who seemed to be every where at once, came to see what ailed her, and was herself so struck with the news, that she was forced to sit down in a chair; O the sweet creature! said she, And is it come to this?—O my poor Nancy!—How shall I be able to break the matter to my Nancy! Mrs. Howe, when a little recovered, went up, in order to break the news to her daughter, taking the letter in one hand, and her salts in the other. The housekeeper came instantly hurrying down into the kitchen, her face overspread with tears.—Her young mistress had fainted away, she said,—Nor did she wonder at it.—Never did there live a lady more worthy of general admiration than Miss Clarissa Harlowe! And never was there a stronger friendship dissolved by death than between her young lady and her. She then hurried away with a lighted wax candle, and with feathers

to burn under the nose of her young mistress.

The Colonel resolved to accompany the hearse to Harlowe Place, the coffin was filled with flowers and aromatic herbs, and proper care taken to prevent the corpse suffering to the eye by the jolting of the hearse. As poor Mrs. Norton was extremely ill, Mr. Belford gave particular directions to Mrs. Smith's maid, to take care of her, they both going in a mourning chariot; but the good woman being unable to proceed on the journey, was left at St. Alban's.

The Colonel arrived at Harlowe Place some hours before the hearse; at his entrance into the court, all were in motion; they now helped one another's grief, as they had before each other's hardness of heart, and a perfect concert of grief broke out the moment he entered the parlour. Mr. Harlowe, as soon as he saw him, said, O Cousin, cousin, of all our family, you are the only one who have nothing to reproach yourself with. The poor mother bowing her head to him in speechless grief, sat with her handkerchief held to her eyes with one hand; the other hand was held by her sister Hervey, between both hers; Mrs. Hervey weeping upon it. Mr. Antony Harlowe, who conducted Col. Morden into the room, went towards Mrs. Harlowe, crying, Don't,—don't,—dear sister! Then towards the afflicted father, Don't,—dear brother!—don't thus give way—and without being able to say another word, went to a corner of the parlour, and wanting himself the comfort he would fain have given, sunk into a chair, and audibly sobbed.

— Let us not, said the Colonel, approaching the inconsolable mother, give way to a grief, which, however

just, can avail us nothing. We hurt ourselves, and cannot recall the dear creature for whom we mourn. Nor would you wish it, if you knew with what assurances of eternal happiness she left the world.—She is happy, Madam!—Depend upon it, she is happy! and comfort yourselves with that assurance. O cousin, cousin! cried the unhappy mother, withdrawing her hand from her sister Hervey, and pressing the Colonel's with it, you know not what a child I have lost!—and how lost!—That it is that makes the loss insupportable. They all joined in a melancholy chorus, and each accused him and herself, and some of them one another. But the eyes of all, in turn, were set upon James Harlowe, as the person who had kept up the general resentment against so sweet a creature. While he was hardly able to bear his own remorse, nor Miss Harlowe hers, she breaking out, How tauntingly did I write to her! How barbarously did I insult her! Yet how patiently did she take it!—Who would have thought she had been so near her end!—O brother, brother!—but for you!—but for you!—Double not upon me, said he, my own woes! I thought only to reclaim a dear creature that erred! I intended not to break her heart!—But it was the villainous Lovelace who did that—Not any of us! We must for ever be disturbed for our unkindness to so sweet a child, cried the unhappy mother!—Indeed, added she, softly to her sister Hervey, I have been too passive, much too passive.—The temporary quiet I have been so studious all my life to preserve, hath cost me everlasting disquiet!—Dear sister! was all Mrs. Hervey could say. I have done but half my duty to the dearest and most merito-

rious of children! resumed the sorrowing mother!—Nay, not half!—How have we hardened our hearts against her!—Again her tears choaked up the passage of her words, and, dearest, dearest sister! was all Mrs. Hervey could say. Would to heaven, proceeded the poor mother, I had but once seen her! Then turning to James Harlowe and his sister, O my son! O my Arabella! If we were to receive as little mercy.—

At length the hearse came to the outward gate, and a servant came in to acquaint them with what its lumbering heavy noise up the paved inner-court-yard apprized them of before. He could not speak; but looked, bowed, and withdrew. As Clarissa had been universally beloved, from her being the common patroness of all the honest poor in the neighbourhood, about fifty of the neighbouring men, women, and children, had been drawn together, by the solemn tolling of the bell of the parish-church, which was a respect paid to the memory of the deceased, out of officious love as the hearse passed near it. Some of these people were of good appearance; but not a soul of them had a dry eye, each lamenting the death of the admirable lady who never stirred out, but somebody were the better for it. These, when the coffin was taken out of the hearse, crouding about it, hindered, for a few moments, its being carried in; the young people striving who should bear it; and yet with respectful whisperings, rather than clamorous contention. At last, however, six maidens were permitted to carry it in by the six handles, and take it into a parlour adjoining to the hall, which Clarissa used to call her parlour, and put it on a table in the middle of the room; but

when the father and mother, the two uncles, her aunt Hervey, and her sister came in joining her brother and Mr. Morden, with trembling feet and eager woe, the scene was still more affecting. Their sorrow was, no doubt, heightened by the remembrance of their cruelty: and now seeing before them the receptacle that contained the glory of their family, who so lately was driven thence by their indiscreet violence! no wonder their grief was more than common grief. They would have withheld the mother from coming in; but when they could not, though undetermined before, they all bore her company, led on by an impulse they could not resist. The poor lady but just cast her eye upon the coffin, and then snatched it away, retiring with passionate grief towards the window, yet addressing herself, as if to her beloved daughter; O my child! my child! cried she; thou pride of my hope! Why was I not permitted to speak pardon and peace to thee! O forgive thy cruel mother! The father's grief was too deep for utterance till he saw his son coming in; and then fetching a heavy groan. Never, said he, was sorrow like my sorrow!—O son! O son! added he in a reproaching accent. Her uncles and her sister looked and turned away, very often upon the emblems, in silent sorrow. Mrs. Hervey would have read to them the inscription. These words she did read, "Here the wicked cease from troubling:" but could read no farther. Her tears fell in large drops upon the plate she was contemplating, and yet she was desirous of satisfying a curiosity that mingled impatience with her grief, because she could not gratify it, although she often wiped her eyes as they flowed.

When the unhappy mourners were all retired, Mr. Morden directed the lid of the coffin to be unscrewed, and caused some fresh aromatics and flowers to be put into it. The maids who brought the flowers were ambitious of strewing them about it, and poured fresh lamentations over her. The whole family now gave way to a new burst of grief. The unhappy parents proposed to take one last view of their once darling daughter, but neither of them were able to enter the room.

The next morning Miss Howe came in a chariot for the last time to see her beloved friend. Mr. Morden conducted her into the parlour. The moment she saw the coffin, she withdrew her hand from his, and with impatience pushed aside the lid. As impatiently she removed the face-cloth, and in a wild air clasped her uplifted hands together, now looking upon the corpse, now up to heaven: at last breaking silence; O Sir! said she, See you not here!—See you not here the glory of her sex?—Thus by the most villainous of yours.—Thus laid low!—O my blessed friend!—My sweet companion!—My lovely monitress!—kissing her lips at every tender invocation. And is this all!—Is it all, of my Clarissa's story! Then pausing, one tear, my beloved friend, cried she, didst thou allow me!—But this dumb sorrow!—O for a tear to ease my full swollen heart, that is just bursting! But why, Sir, why Mr. Morden, was she sent hither? Why not to me?—She has no father, no mother, no relations! no, not one!—They had all renounced her. I was her sympathizing friend—And had not I the best right to the dear creature's remains?—And must names, without nature, be preferred to such

a love as mine? Again she kissed her lips, each cheek, and her forehead, and sighed as if her heart would break. But why, why, said she, was I with-held from seeing my dearest dear friend, before she commenced angel?—Delaying still, and too easily persuaded to delay the friendly visit that my heart panted after; what pain will this reflection give me!—O my blessed friend! who knows, had I come in time, what my cordial comfortings might have done for thee!—But one more kiss, my angel, my friend, my ever to be regretted lost companion! Adieu, my dearest Clarissa!—Thou art happy!—O may we meet, and rejoice together, where no villainous Loves-laces, no hard-hearted relations will ever shock our innocence, or ruffle our felicity! Again she was silent, unable to go, though seeming to intend it; struggling as it were with her grief, and heaving with anguish: at last, a flood of tears happily gushing from her eyes—Now!—Now! said she, shall I be easier: but for this kindly relief, my heart would have burst asunder—But why do I thus lament the happy? and that thou art so is my comfort. It is, it is my dear creature! kissing her again. Excuse me, Sir, I loved the dear creature, as never woman loved another, excuse my frantic grief. How has the glory of her sex fallen a victim to villainy and hard-heartedness. Madam, said the Colonel, they all have it!—Now indeed they have it. And let them have it, she returned: I should belye my love for the friend of my heart, were I to pity them!—But how unhappy am I, that I saw her not before these eyes were shut, before these lips were for ever closed!—Oh! Sir, you know not the wisdom that continually flowed from

these lips, when she spoke!—Nor what a friend I have lost!—Once more, added she, a solemn, an everlasting adieu!—Alas! for me, a solemn an everlasting adieu. Then again kissing her, she quitted the room with precipitation, rushed into the chariot, and giving way to a fresh burst of tears was driven away.

The afflicted parents made another effort to see the corpse, but Mrs. Harlowe being ready to faint at the sight of the coffin, they were conducted out of the room, and the lid again screwed down.

The solemnization of the last office was performed with great decency and order, the corpse being attended by great numbers of people of all conditions, a very pathetic funeral discourse, was pronounced by the minister, who in repeating her praises, often wiped his eyes, and every one present still oftener wiped theirs. She had a set of poor people, chosen for their remarkable honesty and ineffectual industry; as these voluntarily paid their last attendance on their benefactress; and mingling in the church, as they could crowd near the isle where the corpse was on stands, it was the less wonder that the encomiums uttered by the preacher met with such general and such grateful whispers of approbation.

Thus died, and thus was lamented the virtuous, the pious and the amiable Clarissa; while the vile Sinclair, who had prompted the abandoned Lovelace to perpetrate his villainies, who had hardened his heart against remorse, and actually assisted him by horrid potions in the violation of her honour, was reduced to a state of the most deplorable wretchedness. This violent woman breaking her leg in a fit of drunkenness, a mortification ensued.

The approach of death, and the remembrance of her guilty life filled her with all the agonizing horror of despair, and after lingering for some days in a state of the extremest impatience of spirit, raving, curling and uttering the most dreadful execrations, she expired.

Lovelace, on receiving the fatal note from Mr. Belford, behaved with all the marks of distraction, and the agitation of his mind actually deprived him of his senses, and obliged him to be confined to his room: he had then no ideas but of dark and confused misery: all within was conscience and horror: thoughts of hanging, drowning, shooting; then rage, violence, mischief and despair took their turns. His lucid intervals were still worse, giving him to reflect what he was the hour before, and what he was likely to be the next, and perhaps for life: the sport of enemies, the laughter of fools, and perhaps the property of hired servants, who were to find their account in manacling and in personally abusing him by stripes and blows. But soon recovering the use of his reason, he sought to blunt the sting of conscience, and the sensibility of the happiness he had lost, by an affected gaiety, and scenes of mirth and riot.

He was persuaded to go abroad for the recovery of his health, and Mr. Belford, afraid of colonel Morden's calling Lovelace to an account for the base arts he used to destroy the most excellent of women, hastened his departure. Mr. Morden about the same time set out for Italy; when Joseph Lemon, Mr. Harlowe's gardener, and the tool of Lovelace, who acted a principal part in forcing his young lady to leave her father's house, wrote to inform him that the colonel had threatened his life;

on this information Lovelace sent a letter to Florence to let him know what he had heard, and where he might find him. The colonel, who had before no intention of pursuing him, now thinking his honour concerned, obeyed the summons, they met, fought, and Lovelace, who imagined himself sure of victory, received two wounds of which he died the next day.

Mrs. Harlowe lived only about two years and a half after the much lamented death of her excellent daughter; and Mr. Harlowe survived his lady about half a year; both in their last hours, comforted themselves, that they should be restored to their blessed daughter, as they always, from the time that they were acquainted with her happy exit, called her. They both lived, however, to see their son James, and their daughter Arabella married: but not to take joy in either of their nuptials. The former married against the advice of his father, mother, and uncles, and lives a life of misery and remorse. He attributes all his misfortunes, when he opens himself to the few friends he has, to his vile and cruel treatment of his angelic sister. He confesses these misfortunes to be just, without temper to acquiesce in the acknowledged justice. His sister is his bitterest enemy, and she being united to a libertine, lives a life of jealousy and discontent.

Miss Howe is married to Mr. Hickman, a man of virtue and good-nature, who had no past errors to reflect upon, and to abate his joys, and whose behaviour to Mrs. Hickman, is as affectionate as it was to Miss Howe. They are already blessed with two fine children; a daughter, to whom, by joint consent, they have given

the name of her beloved friend; and a son who bears that of his father.

Mr. Belford was not so destitute of humanity and affection, as to be unconcerned at the unhappy fate of his most intimate friend; but when he reflects on the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair, on the deep remorse of Lovelace: and, on the other hand, on the example set him by the most excellent of her sex, and her blessed preparation and happy departure, he detests his former wicked courses, and adores the mercy that has snatched him as a brand out of the fire: In short, he now lives in a regular course of virtue: and thinks himself obliged to make it his endeavour to find out, and to reform any of those who may have been endangered by his means; as well as to repair, to the utmost of his power, any damage or mischiefs which he may have occasioned to others. Happy is the man who, in time of health and strength, sees and reforms the errors of his ways! but how much more happy he, who has no capital and wilful crimes to repent of! How unmixed and sincere must be his joys!

T H E E N D.